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RITA MARTIN.

LADY MONTGOMERY CUNINGHAME.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## THE GARDEN . . OF FANCIES.

ALTHOUGH Lord Rosebery is so versatile, he never touches a subject without saying something interesting and valuable about it. This fact is strikingly exemplified in the admirable address on gardening and gardeners which he gave to the visitors at the flower show at Cramond, a little place quite close to Dalmeny. The secret of this is that Lord Rosebery's mind is capable of grasping simple facts and setting them forth without being superficial. He confessed, with what probably was playful exaggeration, that he was not born with the gifts that make a gardener. According to his own showing he does not know anything about flowers, and he professed an ignorance of horticultural subjects generally. Yet in spite of that he managed to disentangle from all with which it is confused the true spirit of gardening. It was the oldest of all crafts, and the Garden of Eden is still our ideal of happiness. Lord Bacon, when he came to write his celebrated essay, saw at once that this was the great fact to build upon. It now comes natural to every man to grow things, and Lord Rosebery, who, on a recent occasion, painted so eloquently the picture of English villages clustered round their heaven-directed spires, was not likely to be blind to the beauty of cottage gardens. The labouring man, be he never so much in need of vegetables, will almost invariably find a little space which is to him what the herbaceous border is to those who can afford to have noble gardens. Even if he can only grow a pansy or two, a trailing nasturtium, one or two of the lilies that have so long found a home in the cottage garden, to say nothing of the tall sunflowers and hollyhocks that

in Tennyson's young days showed in every Lincolnshire garden, still there is enough to prove his consciousness that "man does not live by bread alone." Lord Rosebery was perfectly right in saying that the days spent beside his flowers helped to make the cottager "a good, a worthy, and an honest man."

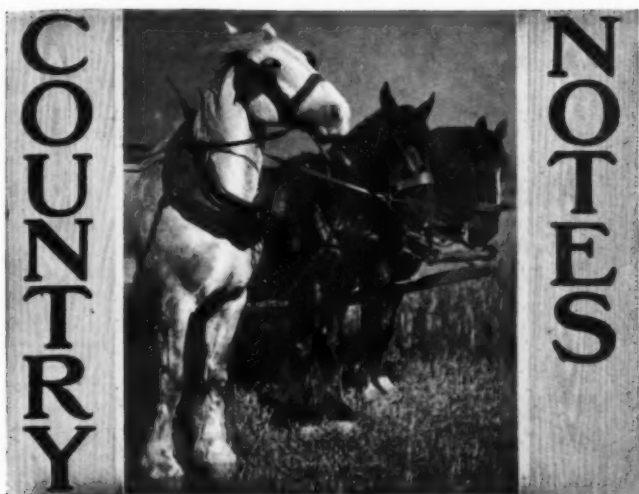
It is almost pathetic to notice that the rural swain when he has made his exit from the pleasant country places to become an item in the grim battalion of town operatives still retains his love of growing something. In the spring evenings when he is returning home by a workman's train he may be seen carrying the pennyworth of roots that he will presently plant in a flower-pot or a window-box if he is not sufficiently fortunate to possess a small plot of ground. In this latter respect the Englishman, who generally lives in a self-contained cottage with some little ground at front, behind, or around it, has the advantage over those unfortunate Scots who are cooped up in flats and have access to no ground except the washing-green common to all occupants of the tenement. Although the habit of living in flats has prevailed in Scotland for many centuries, the country has always been a famous one for gardeners. There were those of the type of Andrew Fairservice, who are now, and for long have been, in demand as head-gardeners in the South of England. Anyone who has been in the habit of visiting modern gardens and of talking to the men who in many cases have done a great deal of the designing and have usually performed the actual work, must have been surprised to hear how often a Scottish accent made itself heard among English roses. It may be that the greater inclemency of the climate has compelled the Northerner to give more attention to those little details of nursing, sheltering and manuring on which complete success depends, or it may be that a nation which was peculiarly of the open air turned naturally to the craft of Adam. But whatever may be the reason, the Scotch are great gardeners, and must have been so when the monasteries were flourishing, because the country abounds in the remains of monkish horticulture.

It would be difficult, and, perhaps, even impertinent, to assign to Lord Rosebery his own place in the kinds of gardener that he enumerated, but by following his speech we can arrive at a close approach to the facts by a process of elimination. One who speaks of his total unacquaintance with flowers is not likely to be one of those gardeners whose delight is to make strange and curious plants grow. We know of many whose zeal is purely botanical, but they are really not so much gardeners themselves as producers of the material which gardeners subsequently use. The other class that Lord Rosebery mentions is "gardeners in taste, in sentiment, in appreciation." He rules himself out of these categories, and yet confesses that as the gliding years steal past him with noiseless feet he is ever more and more attracted to gardening, which he describes as an increasing enjoyment and pleasure. In a word, Lord Rosebery belongs to that class which appreciates a garden without finding enjoyment either in cultivating plants or designing flower-beds. We can well imagine that the garden is to him what the Hughenden beeches were to Lord Beaconsfield. In each case the great statesman, filled with his own stirring thoughts, desires only of his surroundings that they shall tranquillise his mind without distracting his attention. Lord Beaconsfield found solace and peace in his woods, and it is said that he learnt to stoop from his habit of walking so much under the loose overhanging boughs. Lord Rosebery finds the same peaceful environment in his garden. It would be a problem worth the consideration of our garden architects how to make a pleasure suitable to a great thinker. There must be in it nothing to startle or astonish. The old crabbed writer said about prose, that when the beginner had composed anything that he thought particularly beautiful he should cut it out, and in lovely and ordered prose there should be no "purple patches." So in the ideal garden for the dreamer and thinker there will be nothing to call forth special admiration. No bright blazing colour, no combination that demands a mental effort to analyse it, but all will be blended and harmonised into that perfect and unaggressive shade which the ignorant call dull, but which is really the perfection of all high art.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Montgomery Cuninghame. Lady Montgomery Cuninghame is a daughter of Sir William Des Vœux, and her marriage to Sir Thomas Andrew Alexander Montgomery Cuninghame, Bt., took place in 1904.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



**H**ISTORIC as have been the journeys made by the Prince of Wales, there is none likely to be of deeper importance than the one to South Africa, on which he is announced to start next year. It is the seal of that South African Union which is to be effected by the Bill which has already been sanctioned by the House of Lords, and is now before the House of Commons. Nor can it possibly lack interest, for South Africa at the moment offers a singular and most impressive spectacle. Its history is unique. After lying for centuries in darkness broken only here and there with points of light it became a theatre for discords and warring ambition. When the Prince of Wales visited it on a previous occasion he did so in the midst of a dramatic conflict. Lord Kitchener hurried from the scene of conflict to meet him, but it was impossible for him to make a prolonged tour. Now, after all its throes, a united country is emerging, and, as far as human prescience can see, is about to enter on a period of peace, development and industrial progress.

We have recently drawn attention to the signs of improved trade in Great Britain. In America the prospects seem to be even better. The Commercial National Bank of Chicago has employed a staff of over 1,000 observers to report on the trend of trade, and the result is satisfactory in the extreme. In the report the statement is made that "It is no longer necessary to speak in cautious terms of faint and scattered signs of an industrial revival. The evidence of improving conditions is too abundant and conclusive to be gainsaid. The movement has developed so rapidly in the last three months, and now includes so many lines and has gained such momentum, that a relapse is no longer to be feared." The causes of this revival have been set down, first, to the inevitable reaction that follows depression, and secondly, to the fact that the crops are "bumper crops," and equal, if not excel, those of 1906. The results are that railway extensions are being planned, steel mills are enlarging their premises and other steps are being taken to reap the harvest of a better time. It has been a characteristic of trade revivals during the last quarter of a century, when means of communication have been greatly improved, to be world-wide in extent, so that if America prospers we may be sure that times will improve in Europe also.

That our brief summer is drawing to its close is shown by the facts about the king of summer games—cricket. Already the Test Matches have all been played and our Australian visitors are beginning to turn their thoughts homeward. England has suffered defeat; but it may be the old characteristic which Napoleon noticed in regard to Wellington's soldiers, who never knew when they were beaten, that the belief is current that for once the better team did not secure the victory. This is said without the slightest wish to disparage our visitors. They showed the pluck and determination of their race, and though beginning badly, carried through their chief matches with consistency and brilliance. Nevertheless, we are sure that the best of them would not compare themselves with the great teams that have visited the Mother Country; and, without being censorious, it may safely be said that the generalship and management of the English players were not all that they might have been. Attention now is directed chiefly to the County Champion-ship, in which the eventual struggle seems likely to be between Kent and Yorkshire, with the odds on the former.

It is to be hoped that the shocking tragedy occasioned by the dashing of a motor into a body of Territorials in a thick mist may, at least, be the means of drawing the attention of both motorists and pedestrians to a peculiar danger to the latter which arises when two cars are following each other at all closely.

In the instance which had such a fatal result, the men, who had scattered at the approach of the first of the two cars, had just re-formed in column when the second dashed into their midst. In a minor degree this is the manœuvre which is apt to be repeated on every occasion of the kind. The country pedestrian, with his attention concentrated on the car which has just gone by, has no thought of one immediately following, and almost instinctively steps back to his place of danger, more or less, in the centre of the road. The driver of the second car, on the other hand, has an almost invincible, though, of course, unrealised, tendency to regard the car in front as serving the purpose of a pilot engine to clear his course for him. He is, therefore, rather apt to drive with something less than his normal care in the very circumstances in which it is essential that his care should be extreme. The fact that the car in front has, in all likelihood, raised a cloud of dust makes this unusual caution the more imperative.

Melancholy reading indeed is the description of the burning of that celebrated vessel, the *Lucania*. How it occurred is not, as we write, known. The fire was first noticed about a quarter-past seven on the evening of August 15th; but it probably had been going on for some time, unknown to the officer in charge or the watchman. A vessel of the size of the *Lucania* has four or five decks, and the flames ran from one to another up the companion ways, so that, practically speaking, there were several fires raging at once. The vessel was lying in the Huskisson Dock, Liverpool, and the only means of extinguishing the fire found practicable was that of sinking her. The *Lucania* and her sister ship, the *Campania*, were built at Glasgow and launched on February 2nd, 1893. Till the building of those fast boats the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, the *Lucania* was one of the fastest of the Atlantic service. She and the *Campania* for a long time held the record for crossing the Atlantic. The splendour of her interior fittings is well known, and many who have crossed the Atlantic with her in comfort will grieve to know that the beautiful vessel, completely gutted, is now lying under water.

#### THE FAIRY SHIP.

As I went down through Eden Vale  
I saw a lovely sight,  
I saw a ship of fairies sail  
Among the willows white.  
The captain and his tiny crew  
They all were dressed in green,  
And when the wind too gently blew  
They sang this song between—  
O who will come to Fairyland, to Fairyland, to Fairyland,  
O who will come to Fairyland and see the Fairy Queen?  
As I ran down through Eden Vale  
My heart was loud with joy,  
I waved my bonnet like a flail  
And shouted "Ship ahoy!"  
I'm sure they must have heard, at least,  
I thought they might have seen,  
But always when my shouting ceased  
They sang their song between—  
O who will come to Fairyland, to Fairyland, to Fairyland,  
O who will come to Fairyland and see the Fairy Queen?  
They sailed away through Eden Vale  
They left me there on land:  
And oh! to think I could not hail  
A ship so near at hand!  
Perhaps it was that what I heard  
The fairies did not mean,  
But I remember, word for word,  
The song they sang between—  
O who will come to Fairyland, to Fairyland, to Fairyland,  
O who will come to Fairyland and see the Fairy Queen?

HENRY NEWBOLT.

A writer in one of our contemporaries has been condoling with the villagers on the infliction alleged to be caused by tarring the roads. He complains that the highways are made black and sticky and smell of towns. His own experience seems to have been that the soles of his tennis shoes were blackened and tar got on his flannels, though we should not consider these afflictions of the average villager. As a matter of fact, the writer is completely wrong. For a very short time after the road has been tarred it undoubtedly is sticky, but the innovation is one highly appreciated by the villagers. There is no longer that interminable cloud of dust which swept over his garden and penetrated every room of his cottage. The road itself becomes smooth and clean, and pleasant alike to cyclists and drivers of horse vehicles. The coating of tar also saves it from much of that wear and tear which ultimately has to be mended out of the rates. It is a great pity that, because some visitor to the country has had his tennis shoes smirched, he should deem it incumbent on him to raise an outcry in the daily Press.



Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition on Tuesday last were reminded of the one-time popularity of the hollyhock by a very large exhibit which occupied one whole end of the large hall. Some years ago it was scarcely possible to find a garden without a specimen or two of this bold and stately flower, but owing to a fungus which created disaster among the plants hollyhocks are now seldom met with outside those gardens where the informal border is a feature. In such gardens the disease is now fairly well understood, and it is highly probable that ere many years have passed the hollyhock will be as largely cultivated as it was of yore. Probably the raising of plants by cuttings instead of the more natural method of seeds was largely responsible for the disease becoming so rife; but wise growers now rely on seedlings and take care to spray these at frequent intervals, and before any disease is present, with a rose-red solution of permanganate of potash. Although by no means well cultivated, the group mentioned above proved that specialists have been steadily creating new colours in the hollyhock during what may be termed a period of depression, these ranging from bright yellow through various shades of terra-cotta to pink and the old-fashioned crimson.

It is certain that the new Act for the regulation of street traffic in the city was much needed, and we shall watch the result of its being put into operation with great interest. Taxicabs, motor-omnibuses and other swift horseless vehicles added to traffic which before was enormous would, in any other capital except London, have produced disastrous effects. That they have not done so is entirely due to the intelligence and care of the police, whose skill in extracting traffic from difficulties and regulating it generally is famous. The new Act puts even more power into their hands. It will not, as far as we can see, interfere with the convenience of the busy man hastening, in his motor or taxicab, to keep an appointment or catch a train. The main point about the Act is that it will compel drivers of slow and heavy vehicles to take far more advantage of the side streets. How often is the entire traffic of a great thoroughfare delayed on account of one or two heavy wagons that are going along it as often as not *en échelon*. These could easily be sent along the side streets.

Telegraph-boys to a certain extent share the same disadvantages as golf caddies, and credit is due to those who have directed the Postmaster-General's attention to them. The facts are easily stated. Boys are taken on at an early age, kept at messenger work, at which they learn little to fit them for other employment, and then the great majority are discharged at about sixteen years of age, when they can no longer be expected to be satisfied with the wages of boys and are unable to do a man's work. It is felt that the State might, without incurring extra expense, lessen this failing. The Post Office authorities require a considerable amount of adult labour in the course of the year, and although half of this is allocated to discharged soldiers and sailors, the other half might be retained for the benefit of deserving telegraph-boys. In other words, the youth when he went on as a messenger-boy might have the prospect of a fixed career before him. If exceptional talents or advantages of any kind enabled him to obtain superior work to that in the Post Office, well and good; and if he did not prove fit to do Post Office work, then his discharge would be necessary. But the deserving boys might be promoted to the places for which adult labour is required. This would at once remove a reproach from one of our best-managed departments, and also add to the homogeneity of the Post Office.

With the advent of the autumn publishing season attention is being drawn to the price of the new novel. Its history in the past has been one of decrease. Middle-aged people remember when the important novels were brought out in three-volume form at a nominal price of 31s. 6d., which in most instances acted prohibitively in the case of the private buyer. He simply went to the libraries and chose the books that he would like to read. The next important step was the appearance of the 6s. novel, a step in the right direction, no doubt, although many readers continued to object that the price was high for a book purchased, probably, at a railway bookstall, to be thrown away or left in the carriage at the end of the journey. The enterprising Mr. Hall Caine and his publisher, Mr. Heinemann, have now tried a new experiment, that of publishing a large novel in two volumes, at a price of 2s. each. As the notice informs us that this is net, probably the reduction is more apparent than real. It means that you may buy for 4s. what the retail bookseller sells for 4s. 6d. Probably we shall see a still further lowering of prices. During the last two or three seasons the public have learnt to appreciate the 6d. reprint, and while they can obtain that which has, more or less, stood the test of public approval for 6d., they will not be over-eager about paying 4s.

for an experiment. Perhaps an approximation to the French 3l. 50c. will in the end be found a happy mean between profitlessness and extravagance.

Those who are only spectators of the game of politics have been delighted this week at the meeting of two such perfect knights as the Duke of Northumberland and Sir Edward Grey. It has been no kid-glove contest, but one of genuine thrust and parry. But the antagonists have shown how possible it is for high-minded and honourable men to defend their convictions without departing by one iota from the highest standard of courtesy and fair play. Each has a character that the other can and does respect. The Duke of Northumberland is a landowner whose leading characteristics are an unfaltering sense of justice and a devotion to public duty. Among the statesmen not only of his party, but of his time, Sir Edward Grey is distinguished for his lofty patriotism, his moderation, sagacity and good sense. Further, he is possessed of many qualities that are associated more with good writing than with speaking. He reduces questions to a simple issue and presents them clearly without waste of words. This correspondence puts the case for and against the Budget most lucidly.

#### AT GOLDER'S HILL.

I saw a child at Golder's Hill  
Rule the wide kingdom of sweet will  
And catch an innocent employ  
From the abundant heart of joy.  
He teased the mossy-antlered stag  
And taught a puppy's tail to wag,  
He made a playful ripple shake  
The water-lilies in the lake,  
Smelt at a rose, tiptoed to kiss  
The overarching clematis,  
Ran shouting up the hill to stare  
And watch the dying sunset flare,  
Then from his calling mother hid  
And would not answer when she chid.  
So glad, he seemed no human birth  
But some wild spirit of the earth,  
Some rapture of delirious mood,  
Not yet betrayed to flesh and blood,  
But elemental, swift and free  
As sunlight dancing on the sea.

O happy heart, could you but keep  
Safe from the heavy mortal sleep,  
Wherein we wander, having sold  
A heavenly hope for earthly gold,  
Then would your morning of delight  
Reach far into the realms of night,  
Rich with the rapture that uncloses  
Your brother lilies, sister roses,  
And take for its eternal treasure  
This sweet simplicity of pleasure.

ROBIN FLOWER.

In these days it does not fall to the lot of everyone to receive a present of fruit grown in a garden valued at £2,000,000! but this is what happened the other day to the Lord Mayor. He was presented with a basket of mulberries grown in the heart of the city, that is to say, on the four mulberry trees in Finsbury Circus Gardens. These trees have stood for more than a century and still are producing crops of beautiful fruit, the quantity occasionally amounting to as much as twenty baskets. Some years ago the gardens were opened to the public through the action of Mr. A. C. Morton, M.P., and it was he who conceived the idea of sending this pleasant dish to the Lord Mayor. The mulberry is a delicious fruit, whose qualities are not known as well as they should be to the general public. How seldom is it offered for sale!

As we go to press comes the announcement of the death of Sir Theodore Martin. It is not unexpected, as his condition for some time has excited grave apprehensions. He was in his ninety-third year, and although he had wonderful command over his intellect for that more than patriarchal age, his health had been giving way for some time past. Sir Theodore had enjoyed a long, active and useful life. His memory went back to the time of the Wizard of the North. "I can vividly recall Sir Walter," he said, "as clerk in the Court of Sessions." His own pen was fruitful in many respects. His "Bon Gaultier Ballads" cannot be read even to-day without laughter; and his translation of Horace was warmly praised by that great authority the late Earl of Derby. He wrote an excellent life of Lord Lyndhurst, and a still better one of his poetic countryman, Professor Aytoun; but his *magnum opus* was the "Life of the Prince Consort," a most authoritative and judicial piece of autobiographical literature. Sir Theodore, as is well known, enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the late Queen Victoria.



## GROUSE-DRIVING AT RHIWLAS.



W. A. Rouch.

CLIMBING UP TO THE MOOR.

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COLONEL PETER HAWKER expressed the opinion that Scotland was the best country for grouse-shooting, because the heather was longer there than on the Yorkshire moors, so that the grouse lay more closely and would allow the dogs to approach them. Perhaps he reckoned without his Wales. At all events, what he was altogether unable to reckon with was the introduction of a style of shooting in which it might not only be of no importance that the birds should lie closely, but even better that they should not lie too well, for it is this excessive tameness which absolutely defeats all attempts to drive them in some few localities. The Colonel, however, had he lived at a time when locomotion was as easy as it is now, would certainly have discriminated between different parts of Scotland in this matter of the tameness of the birds, for in the Western Islands they are tame to excess, but on some Perthshire moors very nearly as wild as in Yorkshire itself. Welsh grouse as a rule have not fallen into either of the vicious excesses; they are generally fairly tame in the early days, yet usually to be driven if beaters are many enough to go pretty closely, and there is not the same difficulty about getting sufficient beaters in Wales as there is in many parts of Scotland.

Bala, the estate of Mr. Pryce, of which the moors are let this year to Mr. Lockett Agnew, is one on which all the problems of shooting have long been the subject of scientific study, and the results have repaid the care and knowledge expended. It may be said, too, more widely than this, that over a very great deal of Wales, and more especially, perhaps, in this county of Merionethshire, in which Rhiwlas lies, an increasing attention has been given to all the difficulties connected with getting up a good head of grouse, and all the fine moors in the county are responding favourably to the treatment. The present is the first year of Mr. Agnew's tenancy of Rhiwlas. For many former years he has rented Altyne in Inverness-shire. It need not be thought, however, that though the tenant came thus strange to

the ground, there was any lack of intelligence in the way it was beaten. Grouse-driving is a science thoroughly understood at Rhiwlas, though, if a criticism may be permitted, we should like to see the boxes in butts constructed more on the Moy method; that is to say, more sunken and more flush with the surrounding surface of the moor. There are those who argue that the sunken butts, as used at Moy, especially when placed so near each other as they are sometimes for those ideally managed grouse-drives, are a source of danger to the shooters. The argument of the owner of Moy, who knows his subject perhaps as well as any man in the world, is that the nearness of the butts really makes for safety, because no man would shoot in the direction of a butt at 15yds. distance from his own, though he conceivably might at 50yds., and that the sunken butt is a further aid to security, because it implies that each shot is more vertical, less horizontal. We appear, however, to have digressed to Inverness-shire, whence Mr. Agnew came to Bala. Let us follow him.

The butts, as the pictures indicate, are given good rough heather edges, which no doubt help to impart to them a natural look, and the general glorious aspect of the moor, which is the Defaidty beat, one of three on the Rhiwlas shooting, may be gathered in some degree—the lake lying beautifully tucked in the curve of the hills, like a punch-bowl. Though Mr. Agnew naturally did not know the ground, nor the flight of the birds, there was one on the moor, Joe Tee, the keeper, who was very well acquainted indeed with these essential particulars and well able to take command of the “far-flung” beating line. He came to Rhiwlas sixteen years ago, from Lord Bolton's at Wensleydale, and has made a great name

for himself among the native Welsh. The guns, on the Twelfth when the photographs were taken from which the accompanying pictures were made, were Mr. Lockett Agnew, Mr. Morland Agnew, Mr. Clive Wilson and Mr. F. S. Drummond. It may be remembered that in Scotland there was a good deal of mist and rain on the Twelfth, and a certain number of shoots were quite spoiled in



W. A. Rouch.

GROUSE BETWEEN CAMERA AND BUTT.

Copyright.

consequence. In the South, on the other hand, the weather was glorious, and exceedingly hot. Rhiwlas had its part in the Southern rather than the Northern climate, as was likely. The moors were heavy walking, and it was, in fact, ideal weather for shooting over dogs, but not quite ideal for driving. It would have fulfilled the ideal exactly of Colonel Peter Hawker, and he would have modified his views about the exclusive excellence of Scotland for the lying of the birds to dogs. They lay so closely that only a very few of them rose at all before the beaters had come to the guns. Those that did not come were for the most part the old birds, the wilder ones. The great majority, and they may be rightly spoken of in this way, for really the birds were in plenty, either did not rise at all, or else took short flights and alighted to lie like stones again. Rhiwlas is a moor where the beats are extensive, covering many miles of the moor, and the young birds



W. A. Rouch

ON DEFAIDTY MOOR.

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prospects throughout the season. The second time over is almost certain to produce more birds than the first, and they are



W. A. Rouch

LOW SKIMMERS

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will not come on all that distance on a very still hot day. Therefore the bag was light, but there was all evidence of good

always more interesting birds to shoot. All the young birds seen, excepting a very few coveys, were well forward, in spite of their reluctance to fly; but the old cocks that did come were fast enough and gave difficult shots for the first day of the year. The forward condition of the birds indicates that few nests were lost in the snow, which was heavy in April, for when that calamity happens there are always a number of second brood birds, generally in small coveys, which are mere cheepers on the Twelfth.

The Defaidty Moor is not very near the house at Rhiwlas; there is a drive of some seven miles and a walk of a further two before taking position for the first beat. It is very seldom that the two almost incompatible conditions of a really good house and vicinity to the shooting are combined on a grouse moor. Some of the waits were rather long, in consequence of the distance that the beaters had to go



W. A. Rouch

VIC RETRIEVES TO HIS MASTER

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round. It is always rather a question whether shorter beats should not be taken in the earliest days, when the birds will only take short flights; but it is a question very difficult to answer and not one to which it is possible that a general answer can be given, for it must depend on local circumstances, the disposition of the butts and many varying conditions. Had the Twelfth been a cold or blustery day, it is likely enough that the birds would have been coming over the butts very much earlier in the beat, and would have kept guns much more constantly engaged. Moreover, the beater, after all, is but human, and cannot be expected to go at top speed on a red-hot day, especially when it is his first day out on the hill. It is to be said, however, that these Welshmen of the hills always seem able to walk, even with the best of the Scottish gillies, to whom they are, in fact, of close kin. A day of this sort, if it is not all that is most ideal for the grouse-driver on the Twelfth, is at all events all that can be desired for the photographer. The pictures, which show some very sporting shots, as well as some very beautiful scenery, tell their own story so clearly that there is little left to write about most of them. Tee is a famous breaker of dogs—it may be remembered that the scientific training of dogs is a speciality of that country, for the sheepdog trials at Bala are known far and wide, and some of the retrievers appearing in these illustrations have taken prizes at field trials. It is a refreshing novelty in these days, when the dog as a first aid to the shooter is generally dispensed with, to find retrievers really well broken. The mention of the sheepdog trials suggests the subject of the sheep which have been a sore trial, in a slightly different sense, to many a Welsh landowner trying his best to improve his grouse moors. It is ill work, as a rule, trying to meddle with "Taffy" on his sheep run. Among his other functions, Tee, by the agency of his own shepherd, controls the sheep on these Rhiwlas moors, and the extent of the moor ground over which they range may be estimated from the fact that the length of fencing which this man has to keep in order is twenty-five miles. The chief necessity for its



W. A. Ronck

## A SLEIGH FOR THE MOOR.

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good repair is that it may keep other sheep off the moor. The question of sheep on moors, whether they are altogether evil or a modified blessing, has often been argued. The arguments against the sheep are obvious enough—that they eat the young heather, which would otherwise serve as meat for the grouse, that they disturb the ground, and are a cause of further disturbance of it, when herded, including perhaps the occasional setting of a foot of

sheep, dog or shepherd into a nest full of eggs, and that they bring about the disputes which are so frequent between keeper and shepherd about the burning of the heather. The argument on the other side, in the sheep's favour, is, in the main, that they beat down the snow in winter and so enable the grouse to get at food which they would not find available otherwise. Two things, at least, are certain—first, that where there is a limit to the number of sheep allowed on a moor the limit is commonly far exceeded, and that the excess is very difficult of proof; and, secondly, that the shepherd is the man of all others with whom



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## THE SHOOTING PARTY.

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it behoves the owner and the keeper of the moor to be on good terms. This is most readily achieved by information given by the keeper or his underlings of sheep strayed or bagged, and the shepherd is thereby soon transformed into an extra, unpaid, watcher. It is a very good plan, where there are many sheep, to protect the grouse butts from them by pegging down wire-netting all over the outside of the butts.

One of the pictures shows a sledge, a cart on runners, instead of wheels, used for the conveyance out of the luncheon and cartridges and the carriage home of the bag. It is an excellent plan, for the sledge will go over all sorts of rough country which would be inaccessible for any wheeled vehicle, and can be more easily repaired if it should break. Rhiwlas is an old, historic house, situated in a country rich in natural beauty. There seems to be no variety of British shooting, except stalking, which it cannot show, and the Dee, giving good fishing, runs through the property. It is most famous of all for its rabbit-shoot and for its tall pheasants, of which latter some of the stories are "tall" also—of the guns set up on scaffolds in order to bring them within shot of the sky-scraping birds, which rock to and fro with the wind like a ship anchored in a swell. All this, however, is another, and a later, story.



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## KILLED IN FRONT.

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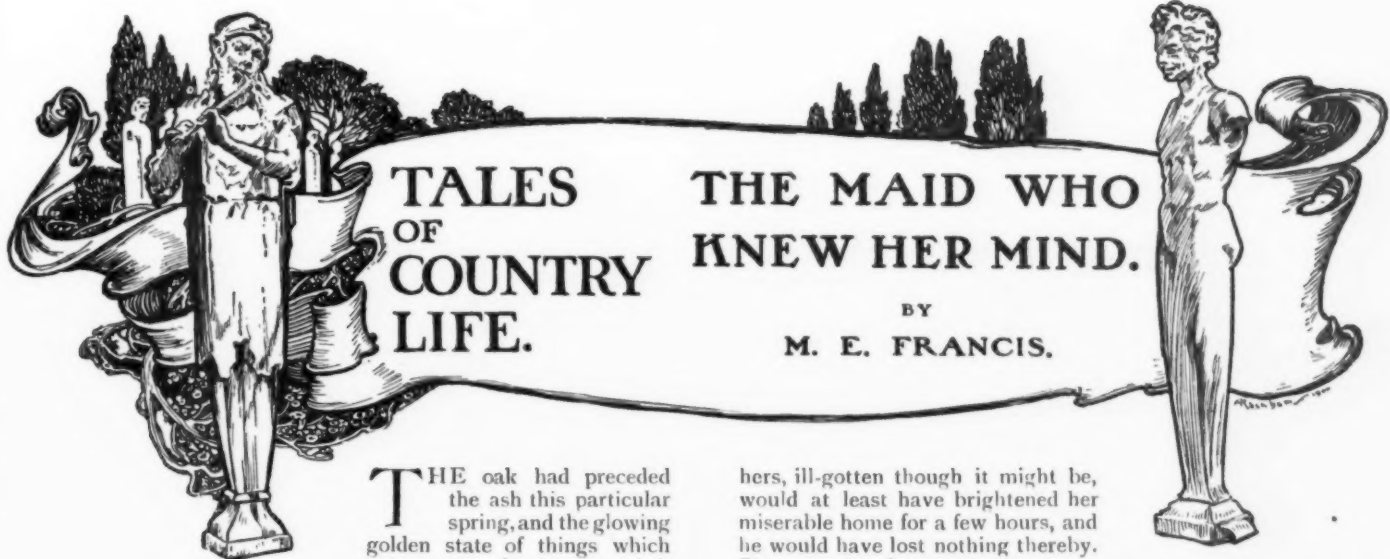




W. G. Meredith.

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" . . . O'ER THE FONT—  
THAT CARVEN DOORWAY TO ETERNAL LIFE  
RAISED IN OLD DAYS BY SKILLED AND PIOUS HANDS  
THE FRESH SUN STREAMED."



THE oak had preceded the ash this particular spring, and the glowing golden state of things which seems to obtain on such

occasions was everywhere in evidence.

Rain was badly wanted and the hay would scarcely be worth cutting, grumbled the farmers; but meanwhile the meadows, that should have been growing tall and turning russet, were sheeted with buttercup gold. The young oak leaves were golden too, and the fields of mustard where the sheep were penned shone with a cruder and less lovely yellow.

Farmer Demos Durdle, riding past one of these fields, frowningly contemplated a brown strip whence the hurdles had been recently removed, and in which the crop had been eaten down to the very roots, and was wrathfully asking himself where he should find keep for his ravenous flock if the rain still held off, when he suddenly caught sight of a figure at the further end of this unenclosed space.

A girl's figure. It had apparently emerged from a little copse to which the field gave access, for she carried a sheaf of bluebells. She paused irresolutely at sight of him, and was about to retreat back into the wood when he hailed her, sternly.

"You there! come forrard. What are ye doin' trespassin' in my wood?"

The girl drew nearer—a tall, graceful, gipsy-looking creature with a handsome, sunburnt face, and a slim form encased in garments of extreme raggedness. As she approached he saw that her tattered apron contained a bundle of dead sticks.

She glanced upwards at the farmer's brown face, at the grey eyes which looked fierce under frowning brows, brown like hair and beard.

Farmer Durdle was known in that neighbourhood to be a hard man, the more sentimental averring that this was due to the fact of his having been crossed in love. Such must certainly be the case, they said, for it was not natural for a man turned forty to be still a bachelor.

"Didn't ye see that notice-board?" he pursued, jerking his thumb towards a battered sign-post which bore the intimation that trespassers would be prosecuted.

"I went after a few sticks," replied the girl, at length, "and when I see'd the greygles I just picked 'em."

The ill-humour, originally induced by the state of the weather and the necessary depredations of the sheep, was now increased by what Demos privately termed the girl's impudence.

"I've a good mind to summons ye for trespassin' and for damagin' my property and for"—his eyes rested wrathfully on her armful of flowers—"carryin' off flowers for sale without my leave."

"For sale," echoed the girl, laughing. "Who'd want to buy greygles? I did but pick 'em along o' their bein' pretty. I thought it a pity they should all go to waste yonder in the wood wi' nobody to see 'em. I didn't mean no harm, but if you do begrudge me the things, you be welcome to have 'em back."

She loosed her apron as she spoke, letting the sticks fall to the ground, throwing the bluebells on to the top of the heap. She looked at them for an instant, and then, as if bitten by a sudden frenzy, stamped on them till the beautiful things were reduced to a pulpy mass.

"There's your greygles for ye," she announced, and before the farmer had time to recover from his wrathful surprise she was pattering along the path lightly in her worn and broken shoes.

Demos looked after her and then down at the crushed flowers and the broken sticks, conscious of a little twinge of shame. The girl was evidently extremely poor. This booty of

## THE MAID WHO KNEW HER MIND.

BY  
M. E. FRANCIS.

hers, ill-gotten though it might be, would at least have brightened her miserable home for a few hours, and he would have lost nothing thereby. She was a handsome creature, too.

He rode on till he came to the hurdled-off space where the sheep were now actually feeding. A man was employing himself in reinstating a misplaced hurdle, an elderly fellow with a good-humoured, weather-beaten face and twinkling blue eyes. He had been working in very leisurely fashion until the farmer came in sight, but now put on a great assumption of zeal.

"Shepherd!"

"E-es, Farmer," and Jesse Goddard, swinging his corduroy-clad legs over the barrier, slouched up to his master.

"How came you to let that maid go trespassin' in the copse yonder?"

"What maid?" rejoined Jesse, stolidly.

"Why, that one goin' down the lane now. You must ha' seen her, walking across the fields so bold as brass, goin' to pick sticks and flowers in the wood."

Goddard's eyes slowly travelled after the retreating figure of the girl, and then returned to the farmer's face.

"You must ha' known she was trespassin'," insisted his master. "You ought to ha' turned her back when you see'd her goin' up there."

"There's a good few sticks in the wood," remarked Jesse, "an' they greygles is no use to nobody. Ye mid ha' let her keep 'em, and not done yourself no harm."

His subordinate's echo of his own thought further incensed the farmer.

"A rule's a rule," he growled; "there's no sense in sayin' a thing and not stickin' to it. If that maid comes here again—"

"She'll not come here again," interrupted the shepherd. "'Lisbeth is as proud as—well, there, I shouldn't like to mention who she is as proud as; but you take my meaning, Measter, she'll never show her face here again arter you turning her off."

"You were watchin' us all the time then, were you?" cried Durdle, angrily.

"Not all the time," said Goddard, calmly. "I haven't got eyes in the back o' my head. Is that all?"

"That's all," said the other, reluctantly. "Stop!—who is this girl? She looked like a beggar."

"Well, she isn't that then," retorted Jesse. "Her father, Jack Dean, were a very respectable chap, though the mother isn't good for much—wouldn't never keep the home a bit comfortable while he lived, and is worse nor ever now he's gone. The maid do do what work she can, and she've a-kep' herself respectable, I do say."

The farmer laughed.

"She don't look it then," he remarked, "goin' about wi' her feet through her shoes, and her clothes almost droppin' off her."

Goddard gazed at him defiantly.

"'Tis easy talkin' for folks as has allus had plenty," he growled. "If you was a young maid wi' nobody to do for ye, and a mother what drinks, and scarce knowin' where to find the next bit to put in your mouth, I d' 'low you wouldn't look so very grand yourself."

"That's foolishness," exclaimed his master, and kicking the sleek side of his cob, he jogged away.

Jesse slowly returned to his hurdles, shaking his head the while.

"Well, there's folks what has hearts i' their breasts, an' others what do seem to have stones," he reflected. "To begrudge that poor maid the stuff that's goin' to waste in there!"

He went on with his work gloomily, but presently a happy idea seemed to strike him and his face brightened up. His master was now out of sight and would not be likely to return that day, for he was a farmer on a large scale and it took him many hours to superintend the operations of his labourers.

When he had knocked off work, Shepherd Goddard felt himself at liberty to carry out the little plan which he had formed, and presently found himself on the further side of the warning notice-board collecting a supply of sticks and even a large bunch of greygles. These he bestowed in his empty dinner-bag, and, having slung it over his shoulder, made his way across the fields to the hamlet where 'Lisbeth and her mother lived. They occupied two rooms in a tumble-down cottage, the remainder of which was inhabited by a tinker's family which had recently migrated thither. The miserable rent paid by these latter was the main support of Mrs. Dean and her daughter.

Some dirty-faced children were playing in the unkempt garden, and the tinker's wife, a slatternly-looking woman with a grimy forehead surmounted by a row of hair-curlers, was gossiping with a neighbour over the hedge.

The back door of the house was open, and Jesse, walking up to it, saw 'Lisbeth seated by the fireless hearth.

"Hullo," he cried, entering.

"Is that you, Mr. Goddard?" rejoined she, with a start. "Mother's out, as us'al."

"Well, I wer' goin' to say I wer' sorry to hear that," remarked Jesse, advancing with a good-humoured smile, "but, come to think on't, I don't know as I be. 'Twas you what I did come to see. I've a-brought ye these here."

His smile broadened more and more as he opened his bag and displayed its contents.

"I see'd what did pass between you and our measter," he explained, "and I jist thought—"

"Did these here come out o' his wood?" interrupted 'Lisbeth, fiercely. Seeing from his face that she had divined rightly, she pushed the sticks and flowers towards him again. "I don't want none o' them then, I won't have 'em. You may jist take 'em back along where you did get 'em."

She had risen to her feet, her eyes flashing, her sunburnt face flushed. The shepherd gazed at her and shook his head.

"Well there, you be a spit-fire!" he exclaimed, "and me trampin' half a mile out o' my road thinkin' to please ye."

"I am jist about pleased at you thinkin' o' me, Mr. Goddard," said 'Lisbeth, in a gentler tone, "but that man insulted me this mornin', and I'm not goin' to be beholden to him for nothin'."

Jesse ruefully swept the sticks back into his bag and picked up the bluebells.

"The children out there mid fancy these," he murmured; "they're no use to me."

He looked round the bare, comfortless room, with its discoloured walls and stained floor, then at its scanty furniture, lastly at the girl's face, haggard in spite of its beauty.

"I be pure sorry for ye, 'Lisbeth," he said, and turned away mournfully.

On the following day Demos Durdle again halted by the sheepfold.

"What was you doin' yesterday in the copse over yonder?" he remarked. "You thought I didn't see you, but I was watchin' you from the top of the hill."

"Well, if you was watchin' me you see what I was a-doin'," retorted Jesse, calmly.

"Pickin' up dead wood. Well, I suppose you thought yourself entitled to do that, though how I'm to keep other people from trespassing when my own men help themselves, I don't know," resumed his master. "But what did you want with bluebells? I saw you filling your dinner-bag with them."

"Well, I'll tell you what I wanted wi' 'em," said Goddard. "I wanted 'em for that poor maid 'Lisbeth, what you treated so bad about the few she'd gathered; but I mid ha' spared myself the trouble, for she wouldn't have 'em so soon as she knowed they come from your ground."

"Wouldn't have 'em!" exclaimed the farmer.

"No, she said she didn't want to be beholden to you for anything."

Mr. Durdle sat back on his saddle, gazing musingly over the shepherd's head; the pupils of his grey eyes were contracted to the size of pins' points.

"They're very poor, you say—she and her mother?" he enquired after a pause.

"Jist about poor," returned Goddard.

"Well, I can respect the girl for not liking to be beholden to a stranger," resumed his master. "Would she ever stick to her work if I put some in her way, do you think?" he went on.

"She mid, an' she midn't," said Jesse, in a non-committal manner.

"It 'ud be piece-work," said the farmer, "hoeing the twenty-acre wheatfield."

"That 'ull take a good bit o' time," replied Jesse.

"That's her look-out. Her mother can help her if she likes," added Demos, responding to a certain speculation in the shepherd's eye. "It may, perhaps, keep the woman out of mischief."

As Jesse slowly rubbed his hands together without hazarding any comment, he continued impatiently:

"Will you give her the message? If there's any good in the girl it will be a chance for her."

He rode away then, Jesse looking after him and shaking his head, as though he could make nothing of the situation.

In due course 'Lisbeth and her mother were to be seen slowly moving across the rippling wheatfield. The job suited Mrs. Dean well enough at first, affording as it did ample opportunities for rest and gossip with any chance passer-by. She was a handsome, elderly slattern, with sufficient likeness to her daughter to make the benevolent beholder shudder when the two stood side by side. Even Farmer Durdle shuddered, though he was not benevolent by nature, and, as a matter of fact, on the day when he first beheld the matron, she was not with her daughter, but loitering by the hedge in converse with a road-mender. After a brief glance at her, he rode on till he reached a spot parallel with the stooping form of 'Lisbeth, and halting, summoned the girl.

She came towards him, swinging her hoe, her head was thrown back and her face flushed with exercise.

"You seem to be doing most of the work," he remarked.

"'Tis piece-work," she retorted; "it doesn't matter who does it."

"I wonder how long you'll keep it up," he resumed, something about 'Lisbeth's almost insolent independence goading him to taunt her.

"I'll finish this job, because I give my word to Mr. Goddard that I would," announced 'Lisbeth.

"Ye don't wish to be beholden to me, eh?" asked Durdle, with a grim smile.

"When you do earn your wage 'tisen't bein' beholden to nobody," said 'Lisbeth. "Is that all you do want to say? My time's my own, but I don't care to waste it in talkin'."

And turning on the heel of her battered boot, she marched away to her task.

"I'll get upsides with that piece yet," said Demos to himself, reddening angrily.

The wheatfield joined that other field in which the sheep were penned, and the shepherd frequently walked homewards at first with the mother and daughter, and subsequently with 'Lisbeth alone; for after a few days Mrs. Dean did not appear, and though 'Lisbeth offered no explanation of her absence, Jesse guessed the reason.

The thought of the small sum which would presently reward her daughter's labours no doubt induced more than usual rashness in Mrs. Dean; and when the money was actually paid over, a catastrophe ensued. Returning home late one evening in an advanced state of inebriation, she was knocked down and run over by a cart whose driver was in a similar condition.

Farmer Durdle, hearing of the accident, called at the tumble-down house, feeling some compassion as the girl presented herself with a pale and tear-stained face.

"So your mother's in hospital?" he began.

'Lisbeth nodded.

"An' likely to remain there some time? Well, p'raps 'tis for the best. She'll not get any drink there—it 'ull be a lesson to her, maybe."

The red mounted in 'Lisbeth's cheek, but she neither raised her eyes nor unclosed her lips. The visitor knew that she realised as well as he did the unlikelihood of his hypothesis.

"What are you goin' to do wi' yourself meanwhile?" he asked, abruptly.

'Lisbeth glanced at him then.

"I'll look out for a job," she said.

He was putting his hand in his pocket, when she stopped him.

"I'll not take no money from you, if that's what you're thinkin' on," she cried, fiercely. "I can work for my livin'."

"There's not so much field-work goin' for women now," rejoined the farmer, "an' that's about all you're fit for, I fancy. You'd have to make yourself clean an' tidy before you got took indoors anywhere, an' I suppose it 'ud be as hard for you to do that as for your mother to keep from her glass."

He rode off without waiting for an answer. Something about the girl maddened him. Yet many times during the ensuing days he recalled his offensive words with shame, wondering how he could have brought himself to utter them to 'Lisbeth in her deep distress. He could not banish her from his thoughts; the knowledge of her need weighed on him—yet



he told himself that she deserved to suffer since she scorned his help.

One day he stopped the shepherd on his way from work.

"How is that woman i' the hospital?"

"What woman?" said Jesse, fixing him with expressionless blue eyes.

"Why, Mrs. Dean."

"Oh, she's dead. She's to be buried on Wednesday."

"The parish is goin' to bury her, I suppose?"

"Well, the poor maid's tryin' her best to prevent that. She's near wild at the notion. She's been trapesin' round, tryin' to sell her sticks o' furniture—but there, who'd want to buy 'em?"

"Now, look-see, Shepherd, I'm sorry for that maid, an' be willin' to gie her a helpin' hand, but she's taken agen me, for some reason or other. You can go to her if ye like an' say that I'll be willin' to advance the money for her mother's funeral an' let her have enough over to buy herself a few decent clothes. She can work it out at my place—my housekeeper 'ud find her plenty to do an' she seems a sprack maid. If she'd make herself fit to be seen, there's no reason why she shouldn't get on i' service so well as another. Well, what d'ye say? What are ye gawkin' at me like that for?"

Jesse, without averting his unwinking stare, drew a long breath, and swallowed before he spoke.

"I be a-tryin' to find out what you've a-got i' your heart, Measter. Jack Dean an' me was mates for many a year, an' the maid's a good maid. I wouldn't like no harm to come to her."

"Stuff an' nonsense," rejoined his master, angrily. "How dare ye hint at sich things to me? Don't ye know me well enough? Have I ever had any traffic wi' women-folk? I'm wantin' to help the creature out o' charity—an' that's all."

"Well, if that's all," rejoined Jesse, unwillingly, "I'll give the message."

If he had felt qualms about transmitting the farmer's message, he was reassured by 'Lisbeth's mode of responding.

"I'll have to take the money," said 'Lisbeth, "because I couldn't never know a minute's peace if I did let parish bury poor mother—ye know what father'd ha' thought o' sich a thing—an' I'll work so well as I can to pay en off; but every morsel o' food what I eat i' his house 'ull choke me, an' everythin' I do do to sarve him 'ull go agen me. But you can tell him I agree."

Mrs. Dean's humble obsequies having been performed, 'Lisbeth duly presented herself, pale and heavy-eyed, at the scene of her future labours; a transformed 'Lisbeth, clean and tidy, her black dress setting off her graceful figure, while her beautiful hair was arranged with a neatness to which even Farmer Durdle's housekeeper could take no exception.

She accomplished whatever tasks were allotted to her quickly and well, her natural intelligence making up for her lack of training.

One morning Demos encountered her scrubbing the doorstep, the black dress aforesaid being pinned back beneath a coarse apron, and gazed at her disapprovingly.

"Haven't ye got a print frock for workin' in? Your mournin' 'ull last ye no time if ye do wear it all day long."

As she remained silent, he thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a ten-shilling bit.

"Buy yourself a couple o' washin' dresses," he said. "Ye can work out the price o' them same as for the rest."

Stepping over her pail, he strode down the path, and though he was careful not to turn his head, he presently heard the ring of the coin on the stone step where the girl had angrily cast it.

"She had to take it," he said to himself, smiling grimly, "but she's jist about mad. Not so much as a word o' thanks! But I'll tame her yet, the little vixen."

Summer came and went, and still 'Lisbeth "worked out time" at Durdle's farm. The regular life, the abundant food and, perhaps, the daily application of soap and water increased her beauty tenfold. Moreover, as the weeks passed, she seemed to acquire an unwonted flow of good spirits. Demos often heard her laugh, though her mirth immediately ceased if she caught sight of him, and once he came upon her strolling with a fellow-servant through the orchard, both crunching rosy-cheeked apples.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, shaking a finger at her playfully, "for once I've caught ye, have I?"

"They was but windfalls, Master," said the other girl.

He went on, smiling with grim satisfaction as he recalled 'Lisbeth's discomfited face, but presently turned at the sound of light, rapid footfalls in his wake.

"Bide a bit," said 'Lisbeth, and, as her master paused, astonished, she tossed a penny towards him.

"Apples is threepence a pound," she said; "I've only had two."

"Take up your penny, you foolish hussy," cried Demos. "I want none of it—you're welcome to as many apples as you like."

But 'Lisbeth shook her head and turned away.

Demos looked after her as she stepped through the tall orchard grass, the russet tips of which brushed against her lilac dress, and suddenly the kind of unwilling, almost irritated admiration with which he had hitherto regarded the girl gave way to more generous feelings. She was a fine creature, honest, honourable, independent. He felt ashamed of his own attitude towards her. He had insulted her from the very outset, helped her in her need only, as he now confessed to himself, that he might thereby humble her; he had thought of her as his slave, almost his chattel—and she had remained aloof, unshackled, indomitable. He would never master her.

All at once, with a strange pang, he recalled the smile which she had bestowed on Shepherd Goddard on meeting him in the yard one morning—a bright smile of confident affection. Goddard was thirty years older than 'Lisbeth, hard-featured and in poor circumstances; he was not the man to win a handsome girl's fancy; there could be no question of courtship between them. Yet 'Lisbeth would be worth courting by a more worthy wooer.

Farmer Durdle smiled to himself as he walked slowly through the lush grass, striking at the trees in an absent way as he passed; so absorbed in his thoughts that he failed to observe that this proceeding occasionally caused a ripe apple to drop to the ground.

And Shepherd Goddard, who had noticed the flutter of print skirts at the further end of the enclosure, eyed his master anxiously. He did not half like the somewhat fatuous smile with which the farmer also gazed in that direction.

Other people presently commented with disapproval on Mr. Durdle's changed attitude towards 'Lisbeth Dean. The housekeeper, overhearing him begging the girl not to work too hard one morning, had serious thoughts of giving notice; the labourers, observing how he hung about the house long after the dinner-hour was over, nudged each other and whispered that it was easy to see which way the wind blew. The rector of the parish looked gravely at the farmer when they met, and his wife, encountering 'Lisbeth and entering into kindly conversation, suggested that she should look for a more suitable place. But the girl, answering shortly as was her wont, announced that she was bound to "work out her time" with Farmer Durdle.

Demos, who was conscious of all these manœuvres, smiled quietly and began to flatter himself that the maid was beginning to come round to him.

One November morning, however, 'Lisbeth presented herself at his breakfast-table with a jubilation of aspect which surprised him.

"'Tis six months to-day since I come to sarve ye," she announced. "I d' low I've worked out the money what I did owe ye, so now I be a-goin' to leave."

"Why, maidie!" ejaculated Demos in dismay, "I thought you were a-makin' o' yourself happy here. I do hear ye singin' about the house—"

"'Tis along o' bein' so glad at the thought o' gettin' away then," rejoined she.

"I reckoned you an' me was beginnin' to be better friends," said the farmer, almost falteringly. Then, as she merely tossed her head without speaking, he continued, "Where mid ye be thinkin' o' goin', then? I fancy ye'll not find it so easy to get another place."

"I bain't a - thinkin' o' lookin' for another place," retorted she. "I be a-goin' to get married to Shepherd Goddard."

"Never!" ejaculated Demos, springing to his feet. "You don't mean to say you're goin' to throw yourself away on that old, ugly—"

"I'll not stand by an' hear en called names," interrupted 'Lisbeth, hotly. "I do like en very well, an' he do like I very well—an' I d' low he'll treat I kind."

"But there's others what 'ud treat ye kind an' what could do more for ye nor what a poor shepherd could do," cried Demos, throwing prudence to the winds. "That pretty face o' yours is enough excuse for any man makin' a fool o' himself. I'm willin' to take ye, 'Lisbeth. I'm willin' to marry ye."

'Lisbeth gazed at him with shining, astonished eyes.

"Ah, I d' low it 'ull be a great rise i' the world for you," he went on, laughing excitedly. "Ye'd like to be mistress o' this here fine place, wi' sarvants to order about, an' your own trap to drive in."

"E-es, I'd like that," agreed 'Lisbeth.

"You'd be as good as anyone i' the place. Ye'll be able to hold up your head wi' the best, an' you'll show off the pretty clothes what I'll gie ye. Ah, ha, ye like pretty clothes," said the farmer, as she made a sudden movement.

"Yes," said 'Lisbeth, "I like pretty clothes, an' I'd like to drive in my own trap, and I could very well like to be mistress o' this here house, but I'd sooner marry Mr. Goddard, thank ye."

"Why, how's that?" gasped the farmer, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Because I do so hate ye," said 'Lisbeth.

## WILD FLOWERS IN SWITZERLAND.—II.

**I**N a former paper I attempted to describe some of the striking effects produced by the brilliance and the profusion of the wild flowers of Switzerland during the spring and early summer. I shall now speak of the higher Alpine flora, which, bursting quickly into flower as the snow retreats ever higher, is at its perfection during July and August. As in my former paper, I shall, for the sake of local colour, give reminiscences of rambles lately made in a certain region of Switzerland, and shall choose for my present purpose some of the northern slopes and spurs of the great mountain chain that flanks the Rhone Valley between Aigle and the Gemmi—a range which includes the Diablerets, Oldenhorn and Wildhorn. With these reminiscences will be interwoven memories of many a summer day spent amid the mountains of Valais and other parts of Switzerland. When speaking of the higher summer flora one should remember that, though not a few Alpine flowers have a fairly definite and rather narrow zone (sometimes of only 2,000ft. or 3,000ft.), there are some that have a much larger range, and follow the retreating snows at the rate of about 2,000ft. a month from the level of the lakes up to very considerable elevations. Only a few days ago (August) I came across a brilliant patch of *Primula farinosa*, crocus, spotted orchis, spring gentian, kingcups, oxlips and other early spring flowers in a sheltered nook some 7,500ft. high behind the Deggelisfluh. In August, or even September, it is not at all impossible to have before you on the table a glass containing fresh-picked specimens of flowers that are generally regarded as belonging to very diverse seasons of the year, such as the spring gentian and the fringed gentian, the spring crocus and the autumn colchicum, the *Primula farinosa* and the Alpine aster or the edelweiss.

Let us imagine a start made in the early morning from some such place as Gstaad, Laenen or Gsteig. In order to reach high ground—say the vicinity of the Gelten or Zanfleuron Glacier, or the summit of the Giffhorn, or some spur or peak of the Wildhorn or Oldenhorn group—we must be prepared for



G. R. Ballance. *PURPLE FIELD GENTIAN.*

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a long tramp as well as some stiff scrambles. We shall be away about twelve hours, and shall as much as possible keep clear of beaten tracks, our object not being to pound along at record speed, nor to get to the top of the biggest thing in view, but to spend a day in rambling through favourite haunts of mountain flowers—summer cattle-pastures ("Matten" or "Alpen"), deep ravines overhung by precipices and resounding with the rush and thunder of streams and waterfalls, grassy rock-strewn slopes and ridges and peaks from 7,000ft. to 9,000ft. in altitude.

For the first hour or two one passes through lower Matten, where the grass (after being grazed in early spring) is being mown, or is already springing up for the third time to furnish the aftermath—the Emt or Grummt, as it is here called. Here and there amid the close-cropped Matten, on patches of marshy ground, one sees in passing brilliant gleams of colour—hundreds of tall pink fragrant orchids (*gymnadenia*) and the marsh epipactis with showy white and chocolate blossoms, and the handsome *Gentiana asclepiadea* with its spike of perhaps a dozen great dark blue bells, and stiff upright sweetia (one of the gentian family) with starlike dusky mauve flowers—and along the sides of the road or in the woods are innumerable campanulas and pyrolas, and *astrantia* and *centaureas*, and the brown-red epipactis and the nodding prenanthes with blossoms like those of nightshade, and *mulgedium* with its clusters of composite flowers of a lovely blue, and great bushes of wood-vetch and willow-herbs and many another thing of beauty.

After we have risen to about 5,000ft., to the zone of the middle Matten (the lower Alpen—called sometimes "les Mayens," i.e., May pastures, where the young cattle are kept during the summer), we find ourselves amid quite a different flora. The grass is shorter and more wiry, and on all sides begins to wave a golden sea of arnicas, the magnificent orange yellow of whose great sunlike blooms harmonises wondrously with the diverse tints of the reddish yellow *crepis aurea* and the pale gold of the splendid *hypochaeris*. Amid these grow multitudes of beautiful



G. R. Ballance. *DRYAS OCTOPETALA.*

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grey, white or pale blue bearded campanulas, and tall spires of black-blue monkshood, and still taller spires of the great yellow gentian (4ft. to 5ft. high), and the handsome greenish spike of the veratrum, very poisonous and apt to be mistaken for the *Gentiana lutea*.

Making our way upward through these middle pastures, and leaving behind us the pine woods, at last, after perhaps an hour's scramble over some steep slope or up some narrow path winding upwards among precipitous crags, we suddenly, at about 6,000ft., emerge on a "Boden"—a flat pasture-ground surrounded by great precipices, above which dazzling snow-peaks tower up into the blue, while on all sides glacier streams come tumbling down as if from mid-heaven and bursting into clouds of spray. The short, spongy turf is of a brilliant green, and is starred with innumerable gentians. The noonday sun is blazing in a cloudless sky, and, although tempered by the cool mountain air, is hot enough to make us look out for some shady nook under a great boulder near some rushing stream that comes leaping, *splendidior viro*, down the rocks, and gliding swiftly through the pastures between banks of emerald richly inlaid, as it were, with rubies and sapphires and pearls and gems of many other hues. Sitting there in the shade of that rock we are surrounded on all sides by clusters of deep blue Bavarian gentians. Near the marge of the stream, and in the fissures of the rocks, multitudes of white ranunculus (*aconitifolius*, *alpestris* and *pyrenæus*) raise their snowy blossoms. Amid the grass glow the splendid reds of the *hedysarum* (a kind of red-tufted vetch) and the whorled *pedicularis*, the purples and blues of the *astragalus*, the *globularia*, the Alpine pansy (*Viola calcarata*), the mountain forget-me-not and the vivid yellows of the *aronicum* and *doronicum*. In the sunlight the colours glow and flash like the colours of jewels. It reminds one of the flowers of Dante's Earthly Paradise. In the shade of the rocks are yellow mountain violets (*V. biflora*), and on the rock itself, nestling in every fissure and on every ledge, are, perhaps, twenty different Alpine plants—rock veronica, an *erinus*, and little aster-like *erigerons*, and tufts of tiny yellow Alpine *draba*, and *Veronica alpina* with its little head of dark blue flowerets, and patches of *dryas* with its thick-clustering array of white, eight-petalled blooms, and two small Alpine houseleeks (*arachnoides* and *montanum*) with rich, rose red petals, and the delicate pale blue, yellow-centred flower of the Alpine flax, and *hutchinsia* with its tuft of white, cress-like blossoms and the exquisite fret-work of its tiny leaves, and *auriculas* (now in seed), and star saxifrage, and the yellow saxifrage (*aizoides*), and Alpine germander, and Alpine *linaria* with its racemes of violet and



G. R. Ballance.

## CAMPANULA CENSIA.

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than any dream of poet or painter, let me say a few words on the subject of Swiss gentians, several of which I have already mentioned.

To many persons the fact comes as a surprise that there are about eighteen different gentians in Switzerland; and not a few who know one or two of the blue gentians are apt to be surprised when they learn that there are yellow and red and lilac-coloured gentians.

(1) *Gentiana verna*, the spring gentian, grows in vast quantities on the lower slopes (1,000ft. to 5,000ft.) during spring, and may be found higher later in the year. Its petals are of a somewhat pointed, oval form; its leaves are elliptical and pointed, of a tough texture, and form a stiff rosette at the bottom of the stalk. The flower varies from a very rich dark blue, with white centre, to a sky blue or even to white.

(2) *Gentiana bavarica* is found in great abundance during July and August from about 5,000ft. to 8,000ft. The flower is generally rather longer and flatter than that of the *verna* and is of a wonderfully lustrous dark blue. When growing amidst grass or stones it often has a long straggling stem (which the *verna* never has), and has no rosette. The leaves, which are rounder and blunter than those of the *verna*, decrease in size towards the bottom of the stem.

(3) *Gentiana brachyphylla*, the short-leaved gentian, much resembles the *verna* in colour and general appearance. But it is smaller, often only about an inch in height, stiffly upright, and with a cluster of small round leaves at the bottom of the stem. Its petals are lineal, rather than oval. It is to be found (often near melting snow) at an elevation of about 7,000ft. to 9,000ft.

(4) *Gentiana utriculosa* has rather smaller blue flowers (several on the same stem) and can be recognised by its inflated calyx, which, after the flower is faded, swells up like that of a bladder campion. It is found generally in marshy ground and at various elevations.

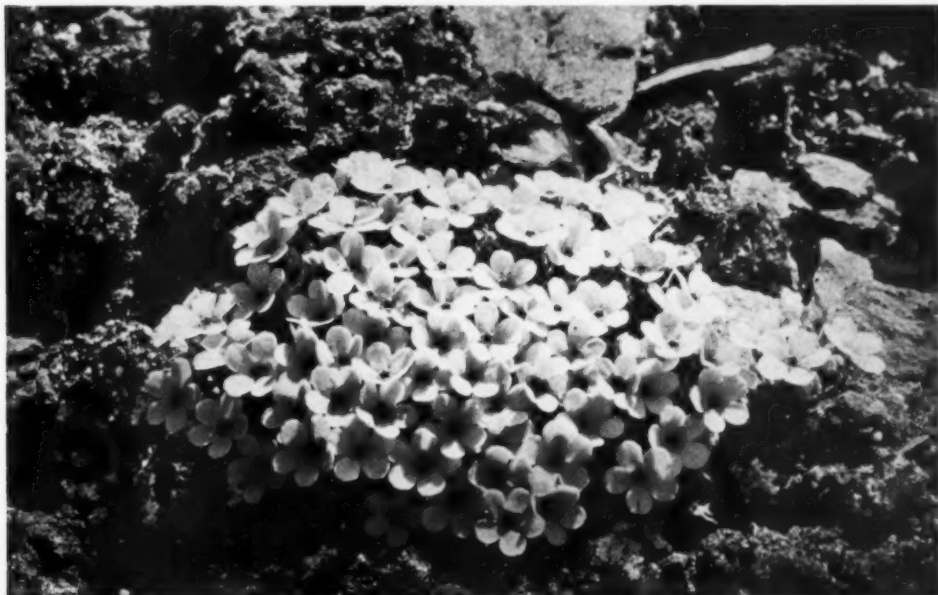
(5) *Gentiana acaulis* (and a variety called *excisa*), the bell gentian, is much larger than the above-mentioned gentians, and is too well known in English gardens to need description. It flourishes on sunny slopes at an altitude of about 4,000ft. to 7,000ft.

(6) *Gentiana nivalis*, the snow gentian, has a tiny star-like floweret of the purest sky blue, with a snow white centre. When found at about 5,000ft. it is often branched and grows 6in. or 8in. high; but at 8,000ft. or so it is generally single and often scarcely an inch in height. Rarely one finds pink snow gentians.

(7) *Gentiana tenella* is a little plant that often forms dense cushions with its rosettes of lower leaves, from which spring delicate little stems, an inch or so high, with a single pair of leaflets and a single tiny blue or pinkish floweret of four petals. It is found on peaks and arêtes of about 8,000ft., and near glaciers.

(8) *Gentiana pneumonanthe*, the marsh gentian, is a stiff, upright plant of about 8in., with several tubular bells of purplish blue. It is found of swampy ground and may be found at quite low elevations. It blooms in late summer.

(9) *Gentiana ciliata*, the fringed gentian, is of a light bluish mauve colour and of a satin-like texture. The petals have a long fringe. It flowers in September and may be found up to about 4,000ft. Besides these nine there are two other blue gentians, both robust plants and easy to recognise. The *Gentiana asclepiadea* grows sometimes 3ft. high and bears in the axils of its leaves long tubular bells, sometimes of a very beautiful pure blue, but not seldom of a rather dull purple. The *Gentiana cruciata* has something the same habit, but has a thick stem and can be recognised



G. R. Ballance

## ANDROSACE GLACIALIS.

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saffron-coloured flowers, and probably more than one large cushion of moss campion (*Silene acaulis*), displaying, perhaps, a square foot or more of a kind of silky carpet of small, stalkless, flat flowerets of a reddish pink, or strawberry and cream colour. On the top of the great boulder is, most likely, a bush of rhododendron all ablaze with blossom. While in imagination resting for an hour under the shadow of this rock, in the midst of a variety and profusion of flowers of every colour, more beautiful



at once by its four-petalled flowers (most gentians having five petals). Other gentians are the great yellow gentian (4ft. to 5ft. high), the purple gentian (1ft. to 2ft. high, with large, generally unopened, purplish brown flowers clustered together in the upper axils), a very handsome yellow variety of the purple (found once by me, not far from the Trient Glacier), a spotted gentian of similar habit and size, and lastly the lilac-coloured German and field gentians, easily distinguishable by the fact that the latter has only four petals. It also grows at higher elevations than the German gentian (both are found in the lowlands), and at about 6,000ft. becomes dwarfed and forms a kind of cushion. It is sometimes of a pure white.

We leave the cool shadow of the rock and strike across the Boden towards the base of a huge precipice, over the edge of which a glacier-stream comes foaming and thundering down.

As we reach the drier turf and the knolls of the pasture, the eye is met by the rich glow of millions of Alpine pansies that carpet the ground, and a scent as of ripe plums wafts around us—the scent of the Alpenklee (Alpine clover). As we approach the detritus of the precipice we see that the whole rocky slope is blazing with rhododendrons, and having with difficulty made our way through these, we come to a "Halde," a stony slope. Here, among the stones, there are great purple patches of one of the most



G. R. Ballance.

YELLOW SAXIFRAGE.

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exquisite of Alpine flowers—the *Viola cenisia*. It is about the size of the Alpine pansy, but has a shorter spur, and varies from deep purple to a bluish grey, with an eye of the most brilliant yellow. Unlike the Alpine pansy, it bears several flowers on the same stem, and growing, as it generally does, among loose stones, it has long, trailing roots and stems. It is rather rare, and is to be found at about 6,000ft. to 7,000ft.

For 1,000ft. the wall of rock rises sheer before us. Anxiously we scan the lower crags and ledges in search of—ah, there it is!—the most beautiful of all wild flowers!—the Alpine columbine! There, on a ledge about 20ft. high—far too high to reach—are a dozen of these magnificent blue aquilegias, waving and nodding as if in derision; and higher are more, and still higher—hundreds. Some few we find on the lower rocks and carry off in triumph. Surely in the whole world there is nothing more beautiful than this splendid flower, floating on its outspread wings of carulean blue, the span of which, from tip to tip, sometimes exceeds 4½in. Skirting the base of the precipice, we arrive at a steep, grassy slope, up which we toil for an hour or so till we reach the arête, and in twenty minutes more are on a peak, some 8,500ft. high. As we near the summit the short, brown turf is emblazoned with numberless asters—great mauve asters with bright yellow centres—and thousands of tiny blue eyes of the snow gentian, and the tenella, and the little mountain forget-me-nots and Alpine veronicas peep out from between stones and tufts of grass. The magnificent spike of the *Campanula thyrsoides* stands here and there among the crags of the arête, its transparent, closely-clustered, pale yellow "thyrsus" of bell-shaped flowers gleaming in the sunlight. And on the very peak is a sight the memory of which makes me almost retract what I have said about the Alpine columbine. Within a few yards of each other are two—how shall I describe them?—two large patches (a yard square or so) of the most exquisite satin tapestry, such as Arachne herself never devised—one of them as it worked in floss silk of the most delicate creamy pink colour; the other like an embroidery or mosaic of hundreds and hundreds of blue flowerets with tiny yellow eyes, all set so closely together that they form a compact carpet of the most wondrous beauty—such carpets as no lowland Queen of Fairies ever stepped upon! To them fond mortals give the sonorous but rather ponderous names of *Androsace glacialis* and *eritrichium*.

Far away—too far to be reached to-day—lies the huge Gelten Glacier. There, on the moraines and at the edge of the

ice, we shall doubtless find the lovely trailing *Campanula cenisia*, and the trailing geum with its great handsome yellow flowers, and purple saxifrage and the two-flowered saxifrage and glacial ranunculus, and possibly the rare aretia, a cushion plant of the primula family with close-clustered yellow flowerets. But for to-day we have done enough. H. B. COTTERILL, Vevey.

## WIND.

IT is a curious reflection, though of course an obvious one, that wind in itself is—silent; and that only from the friction against objects set in its path comes the multifarious music instantly associated with its name. The fact, too, that so potent

a force should be both silent and invisible readily explains its common use as a simile, and a beautiful one, for Spirit. Like flame, that other exquisite simile of spirit, how clean it licks, how mysteriously it moves, how swiftly it penetrates! And so subtly linked are they that the one almost seems to produce the other—the swift hot winds that beat about a conflagration; the tongues of fire that follow a fanning draught—"the wind that blew the stars to flame!" True inspiration seems certainly born of this marriage of wind and fire. How singular

—have you ever thought?—would be the impressions of a man to whom the motion of air, as wind, was unknown when first he witnessed the phenomenon of a twenty-knot breeze. Imagine a people that knew not wind—how they would tremble to see the tree-tops bend; to hear the roar, the whispers, the sweet singing of all Nature about them for the first time; to know the sounds and movements of the myriad objects that but for wind would be silent and motionless from one year's end to another! To me, it has always seemed that such a revelation might be far more wonderful than the first torrent of light that beats upon the eyes of a man who has been blind.

And so one comes to a further suggestive reflection: that objects all possess their own particular sound or voice that the winds love to set free; their essential note—that specific set of vibrations lying buried in their form—of which, as some curious doctrines of the old magic assert, their forms, indeed, are the visible expression. In this region—pondering the relation between sound and shape—the imagination may wander till it grows dizzy, for it leads very soon to the still more wonderful world where sound and colour spin their puzzling web, and the spiritual phenomena of music cry for further explanation. But, for the moment, let only the sound of wind be in our ears; for in wind, I think, there is a sweetness and a variety of music that no instruments invented by men have yet succeeded in approaching so far as sheer thrill and beauty are concerned.

Each lover of Nature knows, of course, the special voice of wind that most appeals to him—the sighing of pines, the shouting of oaks, the murmur of grasses, the whirring over a bare hillside, or the singing about the corners of the streets—the variety is endless; and there can be no great interest in obtruding one's own predilection. Only, to know this music thoroughly, to catch all the overtones and undertones that make it so wonderful, and to absorb its essential thrill and power, you must listen, not for minutes, but for hours. If you want to learn the secrets of the things themselves, betrayed in the varying response they give back to the winds that sweep or caress them, lie leisurely by the hour together and—listen.

How, from the high desolation of mountain peaks it blows out—terror, yet from the sea of bearded grain such soft whispering sounds as children use for their tales of mystery. From old buildings—the melancholy of all dead human passion, yet from the rigging of ships the abandon of wild and passionate adventure. Wind, clapping its mighty hands among the flapping sails, or running with weary little feet among the ruined towers

of broken habitations; sighing with long, gentle music over English lawns, or rushing, full of dreams, across vast plains, over seas; kissing a garden into music, or blundering blind-eyed through dark London squares; racing with thoughts of ice down precipices and dropping, as through spaces of sleep, into little corners of oblivion amid the waste lands of terror, loneliness and desolation, or sighing with almost human melody through the keyhole and down the farmhouse chimney.

From the curtained softness of the summer sky these viewless winds sift silently into the heart, to wake yearnings infinite. From some high attic window, perhaps, where you stand and watch, listen to that wind of sighs that rises almost articulate with the pains and sorrows, the half-caught joys, too, from all that crowded human world beneath the sea of roofs and tiles. Winds of desire, winds of hope, winds of fear and love. Ah! winds of all the spirit's life and moods . . . and, finally, the wind of Death! And wind down a wet and deserted London street, shouting its whistling song, its song of the triumphant desolation that has cleaned the way for it of human obstruction—how it sings the music of magnificent poverty, of heavy luxury, and then of the loneliness bred by both! And you see some solitary figure battling forwards, and hear that curious whistling it makes over the dripping umbrella. . . . Ah! how *that* wind summons pictures of pluck amidst isolation and of singing in a wilderness! "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, yet canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth" . . . for wind is, indeed, of the nature of a spirit, and its music, crowded with suggestion, as sometimes, too, with memory and association, is, in the true sense, magical. "Where is thy soul? Thou liest i' the wind and rain," says the poetess to the "Beloved Dead"; and in another passage the sound of wind for her brings back the phantom face of the departed: "But who shall drive a mournful face from the sad winds about my door?" Shelley, more than any other, perhaps, loved wind and wind-voices, and has more marvellous and subtle descriptions of wind than others.

and swift as wind nursed among lilies near a brimming stream." And, alone among poets so far as I know, he had that delightful conception of flat, smooth surfaces of wind upon which it is possible to run and dance and sleep. His verse is alive with spirits "trampling the wind"; "trampling the slant winds on high with golden-sandalled feet"; or climbing the hills of wind that run up into the highest peaks of heaven. The "Witch of Atlas" not only rode "singing through the shoreless air," but also "ran upon the platforms of the wind, and laughed to hear the fireballs roar behind." And it is the Chorus in "Prometheus Unbound" that so exquisitely "weaves the dance on the floor of the breeze."

But for less gifted mortals there are certain effects of wind that seem to me to approach uncommonly close to actual sight, or at least to a point where one may imagine what wind *ought* to look like. Only the other day I was watching the gusts of a north-west wind as they fell in rapid succession upon a standing field of high barley here in Switzerland, beating the surface into long curved shadows that brought to mind Shelley's "kindling within the strings of the waved air, Æolian modulations." One could feel the velvet touch of those soft, vast paws, and the immense stretch of the invisible footsteps that pressed the long stalks down and as suddenly swept on to release them. And with the changing angle of the myriad yellow heads, the colour also changed, till gradually there swam upon the bewildered brain the impression of some huge and shadowy image that flew above the field. There is in wind the true rush of spirit. . . .

It is fascinating, too, to stand opposite a slope of wooded mountains, near enough to distinguish the individual swing of each separate tree, yet far enough to note how the forest as a whole blows one way—the way of the wind. Also—to hear the chord of sound as a whole, yet mark the different notes that pour out of various trees composing it. In some such way—one wonders, perhaps!—the spirit of God moves over the surface of men's minds, each swinging apparently its own individual way,



C. E. Walmsley.

"THIN CLOUDS LIKE SCARF OF COBWEB LAWN  
VEILED HEAVEN'S MOST GLORIOUS EYE."

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Though he so often speaks of the "viewless wind," one cannot help thinking that in his imagination lay some mental picture of wind—in the terms of sight. He *saw* the wind. For him it had colour as well as shape. He saw bright sylphs—spirits of air—which "star the winds with points of coloured light, as they rain through them," and "wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist" that for his inner vision were "snow-white

yet when seen with a proper perspective, all moving the one way—to Him. And the voices of all these separate little stray winds—who shall describe them? Creep with me now out of the house among these Jura vineyards, and come up into the pine forests that encircle the village. Put your ear against that bosom of soft dark woods where the wind is born—and listen! Find the words if you can—!

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.





**H**ALL BARN is a case of an old house of moderate size almost enveloped by great additions. But although the original design and proportions have been necessarily obliterated by the process of enlargement, yet this has been done, both by Sir Gore Ouseley in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign, and by Lord Burnham within the last few years, with such consideration for the character of the original fabric that the house still presents a homogeneous pile. As to the old house we know little. Lipscomb contents himself with the single remark that "it was a very large quadrangular edifice," and seems to think that Sir Gore Ouseley—who must have completed his work only a short time before the "History of Buckinghamshire" appeared in 1847—did more in the way of altering than of adding to it. This is quite against the evidence of the house itself revealed by an examination of its roof-lines and other outward features, and also of the arrangement of its rooms within. It seems certain that the house which, judging from its style, was built in the years that followed the Restoration of Charles II. was a square four-storeyed block whose chief elevations were of five-window width and no more. The north front of this building remains exposed, but the south front and east side have the new buildings set up against them, while the west side has low-roofed offices attached to it. Whether the somewhat cubical block was all that was originally built, it is difficult to say; but there can be no doubt that it was not the whole of the original design. The contemporary house which it at once calls to mind is Ashdown in Berkshire, built by John Webb about 1666. Here the central block, though presenting the same fenestration scheme, is even

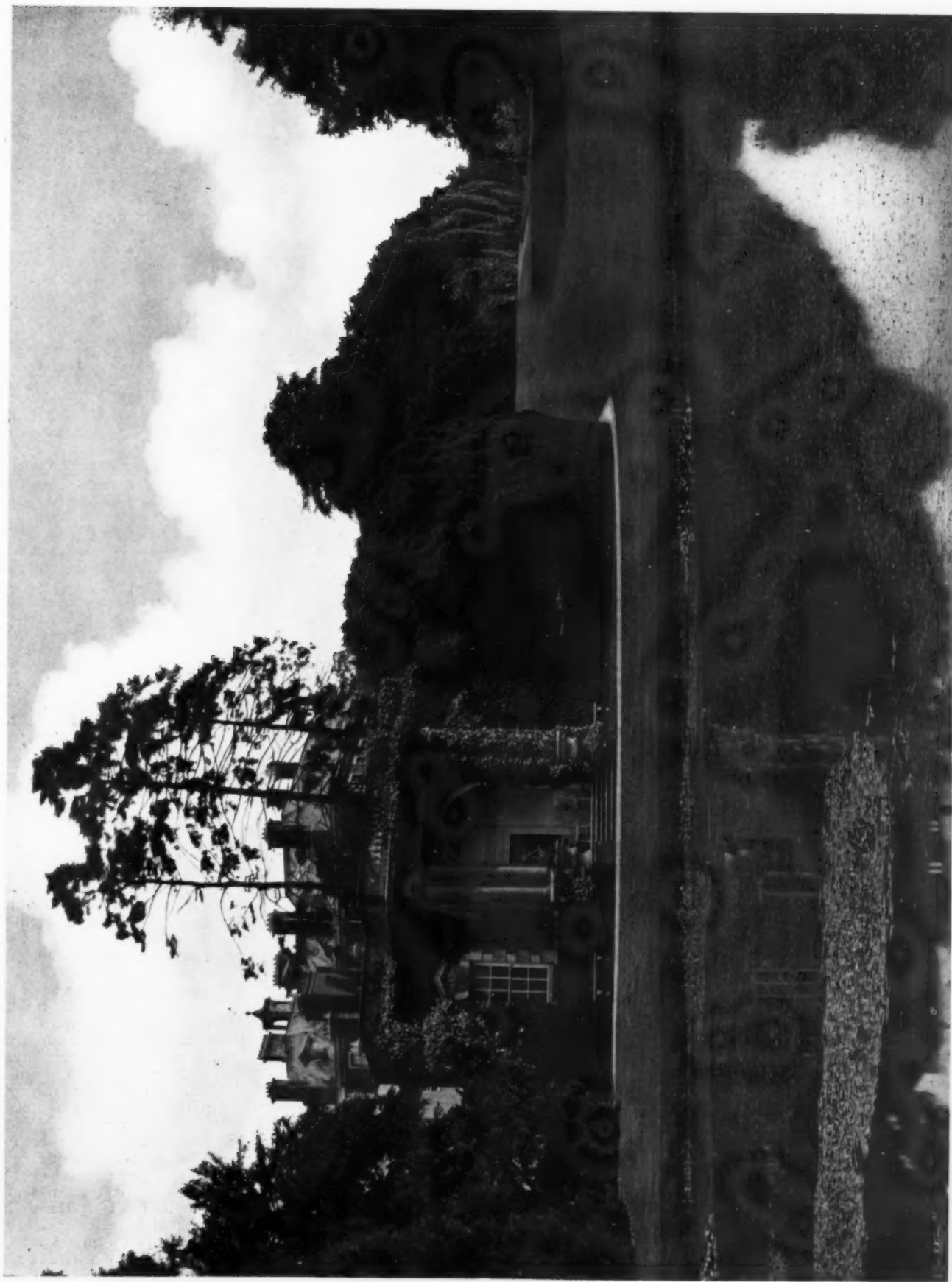
narrower in proportion to its height than was the case at Hall Barn. But it is flanked by ample and widely-extending pavilions, composing a complete forecourt scheme and giving adequate horizontal lines to the general group, of which the vertical effect of the centre is accentuated by its cupola. The pavilion system was by no means universal for houses of moderate size in Charles II.'s day, and was sparsely used by John Webb and his contemporaries. But, then, they very rarely designed houses with more than two main storeys and an attic, and it is not likely that anyone with the due sense of proportion which was then general, and which the old central block of Hall Barn exhibits, would have planned so tall and square a building, rising all alone and unsupported out of the ground. The probability, then, is that the scheme was left incomplete. Had Sir Gore Ouseley, whose principal requirement was lofty entertainment rooms, such as are peculiarly appropriate to wings of the pavilion type, added such on either side of the seventeenth century building, the grouping would have been looser and yet more balanced than at present. His plan was to raise up against the old garden front a building of greater length, but of the same height and reproducing the same cornice and roof-lines as the existing structure. But as his ground-floor rooms were to be high, he carried them up to the second floor and thus produced an effect really antagonistic to the seventeenth century design to which he seems to have—considering the time when he was working—rather conscientiously desired to conform. The setting of the lower windows into tall and round-arched recesses and the leaving of a deep, plain space above, which dwarfs the upper windows, is a disposition of



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THE OLD NORTH FRONT, WITH LORD BURNHAM'S ADDITION ON THE LEFT. "COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

WHERE ONCE "THE GREAT ROOM" STOOD.

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features far more consonant with the taste of Robert Adam than that of John Webb. The shape and position of Sir Gore Ouseley's building left little scope or alternative to Lord Burnham when he wished for further accommodation. The balanced pavilion scheme was no longer possible, but a somewhat meaningless and dull north-east corner could be filled in without architectural detriment. Care was taken to recess the addition on the north side so as to leave some projection to the original front, and thus its lines are perfectly preserved. On this side the old system of fenestration was copied—the middle tier being dummies—while the east side reproduces the tall Ouseley arcading. By this means the two portions of the building have been blended, and more harmony and congruity have been obtained than are generally to be found in a house of which the original scheme has been altered more than once and at times

elevation, but of the others which are intended to imitate and consort with it. Although the original front, as its builder will have left it, must have been a sympathetic and engaging composition, it was by no means a learned or correct example of Palladian architecture. The sets of twin pilasters in treble tiers have a rich and pleasant effect; but the cornice, though in itself excellent, is not of size and weight to demand such Herculean preparation for its support. From the purist's point of view, however, it is in his centre that the designer has chiefly sinned. The great porch is, of course, a later addition. It breaks but does not completely obscure the old arrangement. The centre is no structural excrescence, but consists merely of three superposed apertures flanked by columns and topped by pediments, of which the upper and lower were angular and the central one curved. The thin, uneven roofage of the pediments is the only support from

which the superposed columns spring. They have no base whatever, the solid entablature which heads the column being used for no purpose; and there is a complete break between it and the column above it. The effect is like nothing so much as a set of acrobats poising themselves on the top of each other in the most unlikely and frail fashion, and it is very interesting and unusual to find such a piece of slatternly construction in a building of this date and style. The Elizabethan builders, indeed, seized upon the parts of classic architecture as ornamental features for their designs without troubling to understand their true functions or use them with structural intent. But a right knowledge of the principles of Vitruvius was introduced into England by Inigo Jones, and no more perfectly correct and satisfying example of classic architecture exists in England than his first serious venture into this field—the Whitehall Banqueting House. Though Webb had neither the delicate sense nor the learned mastery of form and proportion which his teacher and kinsman possessed, yet he could not be guilty of the acrobatic trick at Hall Barn. Nor would his competent contemporaries—Pratt, Wynne and May—have thrown first principles to the wind in this manner. Pleasant and liveable as the seventeenth century part of Hall Barn undoubtedly is, it is the design, not of a trained professional, but of an amateur possessed of a good general knowledge. As the owner of the Hall Barn Estate during the whole of Charles II.'s reign was a man of genius and versatility, it seems allowable to assign the house to him not merely as paymaster but as designer also. A branch of the Wallers



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A STately FANE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

when divergent tastes prevailed. The least pleasing feature of the exterior of the house is the glazing. The original windows, if the building dates from Webb's time, will have been of the leaded casement kind—the recognised Charles II. type. Ashdown retains the casements, but the leading has, most unfortunately, been replaced by plate-glass. During Charles II.'s reign the sash came over from Holland, and was, as we know from Celia Fiennes, considered to be the wholly fashionable and admired form under William III. There is, therefore, the possibility that Hall Barn was from the first fitted with sashes. But sashes at that time were made with thick bars as a setting for smallish panes of glass. This was not an accidental circumstance, but was taken into consideration by architects, and it entered into the general composition and balance of their designs. The substitution of thin bars and large panes at Hall Barn sadly deteriorates the right and satisfying aspect not only of the one old remaining

of Groombridge in Sussex—of whom Richard had been an Agincourt hero—was settled in Buckinghamshire about the time the Tudors came to the throne. They became possessed of the manor of Beaconsfield and of its three principal estates—that is, of Gregories and Wilton Park as well as of Hall Barn. But they also owned Coleshill, a manor partly in Beaconsfield and partly in Amersham parish, and it was in the mansion house which then stood there that Edmund Waller was born in 1605, as we may still read on his monument in Beaconsfield Churchyard. In the family pedigree both he and his father and his grandfather are described as "of Coleshill," while his cousin, Thomas Waller, is "of Beaconsfield," in the church of which he lies, Gregories having been his home. Edmund Waller's father, Richard, died in 1616, when Edmund was eleven years old, and the Coleshill property seems before that time to have been in other hands, as Lipscomb speaks of a deed dated 1615, whereby Sir Basil



SIR GORE OUSELEY'S SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Brook conveyed the estate to one George Coleshill, attorney. Hall Barn was probably always Edmund Waller's chief seat; but as to the character or site of the pre-Restoration house nothing is known, nor does any authority, contemporary or subsequent, afford a hint of when the post-Restoration house was built. Edmund Waller was sent to Eton and thence to King's College, Cambridge. He began his career both as poet and as politician at an early age. He entered Parliament certainly no later than in his eighteenth year, and that is also the date of his poem on "The Prince's Escape at St. Andero." It is as the suitor for "Sacharissa's" hand and the singer of her incomparable beauty that we know him best, though the romance of the poems is slightly diminished when we remember the cold fact that the ardent lover was a widower. In 1630 he married Ann Banks, a city heiress, and they resided at Hall Barn; and Mrs. Ann Waller was one of the ladies "in delicate health" who were licensed by the vicar "to Eat all manner of flesh during Lent Season Anno 1632, Veale and Beeffe only excepted." Two years later she died, and Edmund Waller, having thus added to his already abundant patrimony, next sought to derive social advantage from a second match, and paid his addresses to the Earl of Leicester's daughter, Dorothy Sydney. The beech avenue known as "Sacharissa's Walk" was long one of the glories of Penshurst, but Sacharissa was not to be won by verse. She married the Earl of Sunderland in 1639, and the poet consoled himself with Mary



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IN WALLER'S GROVES.

"C.L."

Bressy, who bore him thirteen children. With the renewal of Parliaments, after Charles's thirteen years of personal government, Waller ceased to write of love and began to speak of abuses. Related to the Hampdens through his mother, he poured out his easy eloquence on the popular side until matters looked serious. Then his flow of language took the opposite course; but though he spoke, as Clarendon tells us, with "great sharpness and freedom," the Commons seem to have thought this a harmless exercise of freedom of speech which it would increase their somewhat tottering reputation for tolerance to allow. He remained in London, and was one of the Parliamentary Commissioners appointed to treat with the King at Oxford. With his relations there he concerted a scheme to organise and encourage the mass of moderate adherents of the Royal cause and so raise a peaceful but solid barrier against Parliamentary aggression. But the forward spirits turned "Waller's Plot" into a plan for seizing the City and Tower of London by force, and when it was discovered in 1643 he had to appear in his own defence at the Bar of the House of Commons. "If I die, I shall die praying for you; if I live, I shall live serving you," were the words with which he ended a somewhat craven speech. The House discovered a third course for him to pursue. After a year's imprisonment and the payment of £10,000 he was allowed to go abroad, and went to Paris, "where he lived in a style of great splendour and in the society of persons distinguished for their wealth and



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THE GREAT YEW HEDGE.

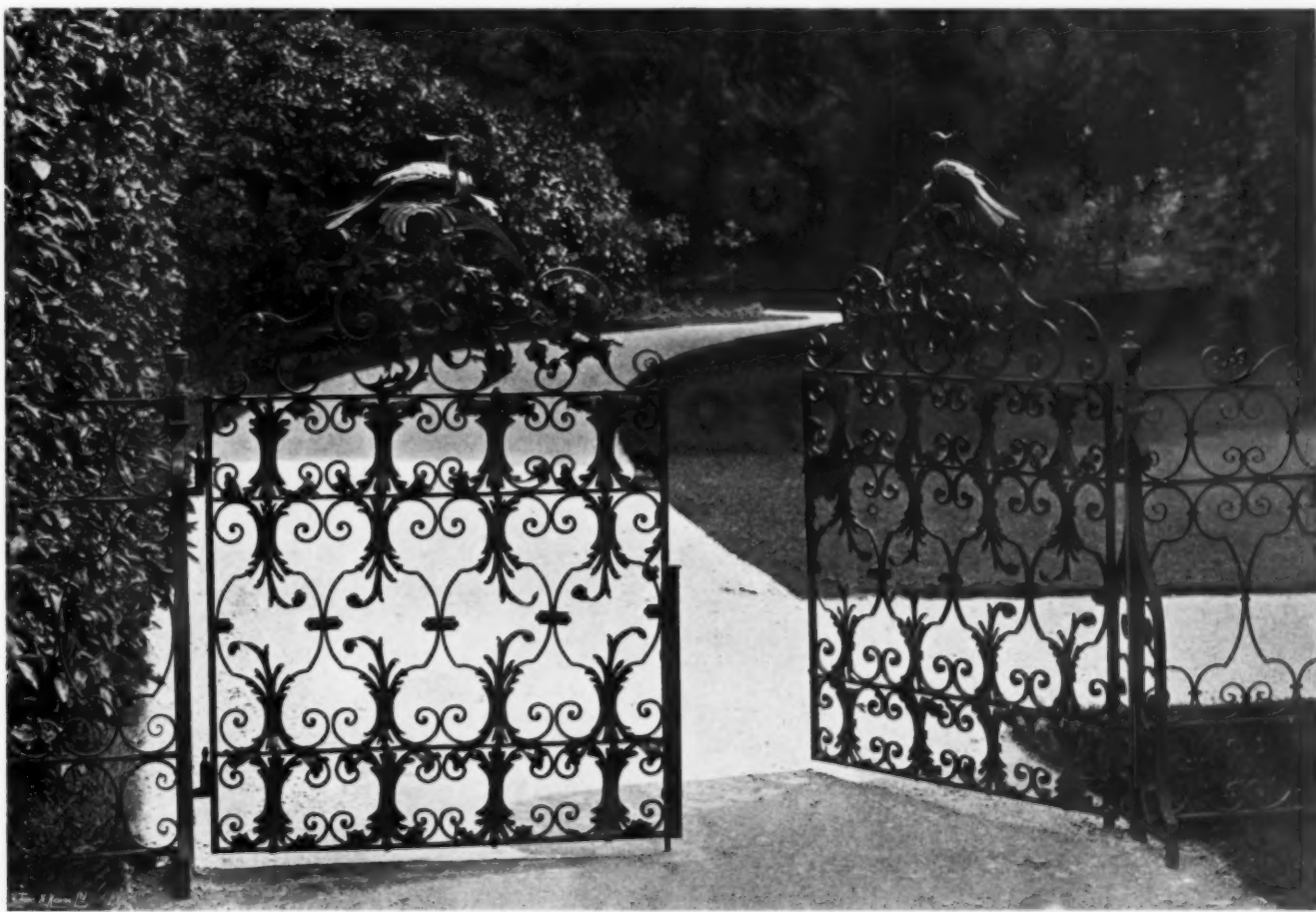
"COUNTRY LIFE."

brilliancy of talents." In 1651 he was pardoned, and, returning to England, he retired to "his house at Beaconsfield"—no doubt Hall Barn—whence he issued laudatory verses addressed first to Cromwell and then to Charles II. His experiences in 1643 had convinced him of the prudence of being on the side of the powers that be.

How soon after his return he set to work to build and lay out the grounds at Hall Barn is unknown, but we are told that the grove, "the creation of his own taste was the peculiar scene of his daily wanderings." The woodland, laid out in formal alleys, stretches upwards from the little glen that lies south of the house, and of which the great formal pool forms the head. As he lived till his eighty-third year, much of what we find at Hall Barn may be attributed to him; but the leading examples of garden architecture date from a later generation. It was in the time of his grandson that Colin Campbell was employed in 1724 to erect a building at the upper end of the formal water which was known as "The Great Room," and is illustrated in the third volume of the "Vitruvius Britannicus." Lipscomb tells us that in his time it was still standing "without material alteration," and he describes it as a fine garden apartment measuring 45ft. by 30ft. and having "a handsome semi-circularly arched doorway with rustic pilasters between

him home, and in 1832 he bought the Hall Barn Estate from Harry Edmund Waller, and enlarged the house in the manner already described. His building largely consists of the great sitting-rooms, whose height of 23ft. is by no means disproportionate to their size.

The fine portrait of Edmund Waller framed into the dining-room overmantel carries on the traditions of the place, while the chimney-piece in the other room—a library in Sir Gore's time—belongs to the period of the older part of the house, and is a fine example. The ceiling in this room is a copy of what Sir Gore found in Campbell's "Great Room," while the carpet, still in excellent condition, is in size, pattern and colouring a splendid specimen of the Indian weaver's art dating from Sir Gore's time and when it was less tinctured with English commercialism than it afterwards became. There is much that is fine in the appointments and furniture of the house, and in the ballroom recently added by Lord Burnham may be noticed a very fine pair of gilt consoles wherein a central lion's mask and corner eagles are connected by swags. They remind us of the elaborate examples which William Kent designed for Houghton, where the dancing amorini introduced in the ceiling of the stone hall recall the like device surrounding the interior of the dome of the beautiful open temple, supported by



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THE WORK OF A MODERN FORGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

two windows fronting the water." The present little building, which appears in the illustration, is said not to have replaced Campbell's larger structure until after the estate had passed from the Ouseleys and before Lord Burnham's purchase in 1886. But it should be observed that, whereas the present building retains two windows of the design in the "Vitruvius Britannicus," the doorway—or its counterpart—appears as the central object of Sir Gore Ouseley's south façade. The Ouseley pedigree starts very grandly with "William, surnamed the Conqueror, King of England"; but that only means that a quite respectable country gentleman named Richard Ouseley married, in Elizabeth's time, a Miss Wake of Courteenhall in Northamptonshire, whose great-grandfather happened to be a Howard. A descendant of theirs, who lived in Ireland in George III.'s time, had two distinguished sons, of whom Sir William was a "learned Orientalist," while Sir Gore proved an active one. He went to India as a trader in 1787, and the influence he obtained over the Nabob of Oude during the Governor-Generalship of the Marquess Wellesley greatly strengthened the English at the time of the Mahratta War. But it was as English Ambassador in Persia during the Napoleonic struggle that he gained the good opinion both of his own Government and of the Czar of Russia. The peace brought

eight Corinthian columns, at Hall Barn. The placing of this temple, and much of the laying out of the widely-stretching groves and glens and grottoes of which it forms the most stately incident, may well be a scheme of Kent's to introduce his manner amid the more geometric alleys of Edmund Waller. The Hall Barn grounds are of great interest as exhibiting a blend of the older formality with the artificial naturalness with which Kent set his architectural objects, built his fountains and wound his paths at Rousham. The vast undulating lawns and the acreage of diversified groves give much distinction to Hall Barn. It has the restful dignity of honoured age. We recognise the creation of succeeding generations all working with large heart and liberal mind. They have come and gone. But Nature has been ever present, asserting the dominance of her sway over man. His shears, here as at Holme Lacy, may have annually passed over the surface of the ever-growing yew hedges, but they have failed to keep the lines straight. There is a wall of greenery, no doubt, but of no Palladian reserve and severity. The living force has pushed out a buttress here and shot up a pinnacle there that exceed the variety and surprise of Gothic architecture in its most flamboyant mood.

The ancient spirit of the place has been thoroughly appreciated and preserved by its present owner. He has,



indeed, set his mark, as in the beautiful ironwork of which an example is illustrated. But there has been no unnecessary renewal, no excessive re-planting and re-making, no painful

smartness and precision in the upkeep, no restless multiplication of objects and incidents. An harmonious breadth, a placid serenity rules throughout the place. T.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### ENEMIES OF THE ROSE.

THE life of the keen rosarian would be happier if the Rose were free from enemies; but that may be written of gardening generally. Unfortunately, the Rose has many foes, but we may at once say that many of the troubles that beset the grower may be overcome by attacking the marauders when they are first in evidence. Procrastination in such matters brings much trouble later on, when the enemy has obtained a stronghold from which it is not easily dislodged. Of recent years several powerful remedies have been discovered, and hence it is not so difficult as heretofore to keep the foliage bright and healthy and the flowers unsullied. The great point is watchfulness. The rosarian, when the young leaves are darkening in colour and the first green fly has made its appearance, should make a daily examination of the plants, or at least four times a week.

*Green Fly* is a familiar enemy. It is not content with injuring the Roses, but delights in torturing the plants under glass, the Fuchsias, Geraniums and other flowers we love to grow. It is always a good practice early in the year—that is, when new growth appears and the tender leaves are unfolding—to syringe freely with cold water, and shoots badly infested should be dipped in a vessel containing a solution of quassia chips. Green fly is very easily destroyed under glass, as it is more under control, and nothing is more deadly than Richards' XL All, which may be obtained from most nurserymen; it is a powerful remedy, and for this reason the instructions given with the preparation should be faithfully adhered to. McDougall's tobacco sheets are also an adequate solution of the green fly difficulty. The way to make a solution of quassia chips is as follows: Take 4oz. of chips, steep them in water for a few hours, then simmer from twelve to twenty-four hours in a gallon of water, and add 3oz. of good soft soap. When dissolved add water to make up 2½ gal.

*Caterpillars* are a terrible plague, and hand-picking is the best and, in fact, the only remedy. I have killed thousands in one year. My practice is to go over each bush as frequently as possible, according to the leisure at command, and when the leaves are seen to be stuck together to pick them off. Rolled up inside will be found a fat maggot, which should be destroyed by crushing it with the foot, or allowing it to remain between the leaves, these must be pinched between the finger and thumb. This maggot is one of the most destructive of all pests to the Rose, inflicting more injury even than the green fly.

*Red Spider*.—This is more usual under glass than in the open garden. Too dry air and absence of syringing are the causes of its appearance. It is well to syringe freely on the under-surface of the leaves and to fumigate with one of the above mentioned preparations.

*Mildew* is a great enemy of the Rose. It appears on plants under glass as well as those in the open, certain varieties being more liable to it than others. This is mysterious, the variety Hon. Edith Gifford being a great sinner in this respect, while the glossy-foliaged Jersey Beauty is unblemished. As I have pointed out in "Gardening for Beginners," mildew is a troublesome fungus; it inflicts considerable injury by choking the healthy pores of the foliage, and consequently growth is hindered. When a leaf is badly attacked, it has a white appearance as if it had been dusted with flour. Mildew makes its appearance under the leaf as well as on the surface, and a thorough

coating with black sulphur on both sides will check its ravages. Put some sulphur in a piece of cheese-cloth made into a bag and well dust the foliage with it. After it has remained on for two days, syringe it off and give another application if needful; this should be done on a quiet evening, when the foliage is slightly damp. It is a mistake to wait until the plants are badly attacked—that signifies either carelessness or ignorance. Another remedy, after the shoots that are most badly infested are removed, is to syringe the remainder with carbolic soap. Half a bar of Lifebuoy soap should be well dissolved in 3gal. of soft water. With a fine sprayer syringe this on the upper and under sides of the leaves, and repeat the remedy until the mildew has disappeared. "Mo-Effic" is another excellent remedy, I am informed, and I intend to try it.

### Red Rust or Orange Fungus.

—I am much pestered with this fungus. My soil is hot and dry, and these conditions favour the bright orange spots, which unfortunately cannot be destroyed except by removing and burning the affected leaves. Last autumn Camoens was almost destroyed, but plenty of manure and careful after-attention saved the plants from annihilation. As one of our greatest authorities writes: "There is no practical remedy for this fungus, as, unlike mildew, it vegetates inside instead of on the surface of the foliage."

*Frosts*.—Last spring I was much perturbed by decay in the Rose stems, which was not brought about by insects or fungi, but by frosts. Mr. Mawley, hon. secretary of the National Rose Society, mentions in "Roses for English Gardens" that against the ill-effects of spring frosts there is practically no remedy, unless it be syringing or spraying the frosted foliage with water very early in the morning in order to thaw it before sunrise. For at that season it is not so much the damage done by the frost itself that has to be guarded against as the sudden thawing of the frozen leaves by the sun shining on them. Of course, the reason why spring frosts are so difficult to deal with as compared with winter frosts is that in the one case the

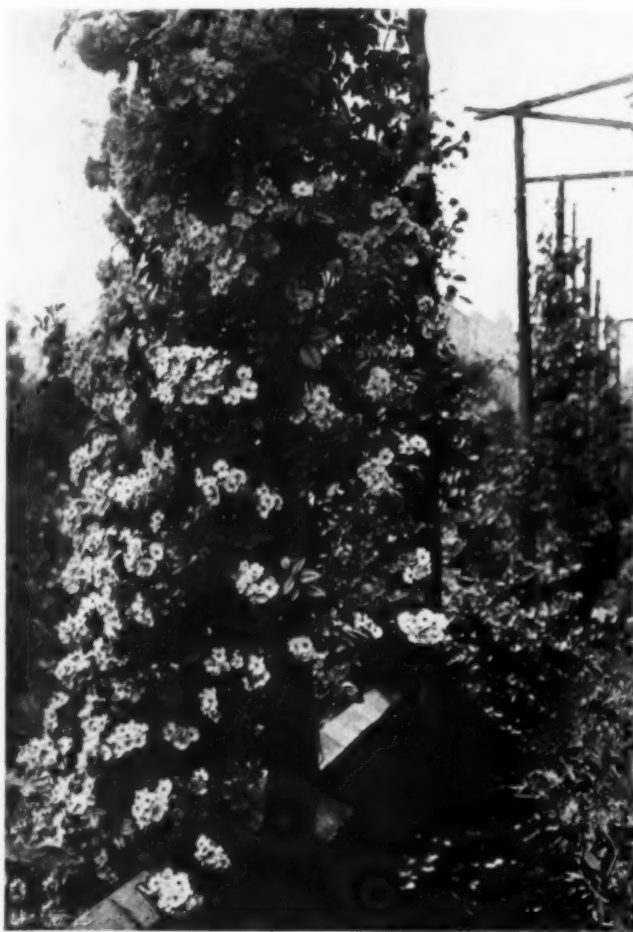
plants are clothed with delicate young foliage, whereas in winter it is only necessary to protect the lower portion of the leafless shoots.

### A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER-FLOWERING BROOM.

A SHRUB that flowers gaily in the summer months is invaluable, for there is little to give beauty to the shrubbery and woodland in July and August save the shades of green on the abundant foliage. But the rarely-seen *Cytisus nigricans*, the Austrian Broom, is in full flower in late summer, making clouds of gold in the garden, and lasting even into the autumn. I hope this *Cytisus* will be more planted in groups, and the two necessary ingredients to bring out the flowers in full abundance are sunshine and a poor soil. A note concerning it from a well-known lover of trees and shrubs is as follows: "This beautiful Broom, which is also known under the name of *C. Carlerei*, is a most valuable addition to its class, and is now making a magnificent display. It is of dwarf, compact growth and only attains a height of about 3ft.; the spikes of flowers are some gin. in length. These last a considerable time. *C. nigricans* cannot be too highly recommended for planting in prominent positions in the shrubbery, near walks and also by the sides of drives."

### THE PINK SWEET WILLIAM.

A striking garden flower in July and August is the Sweet William, beloved of the cottager and of recent years brought into more pretentious gardens.



Mrs. D. Broughton. ROSE BLUSH RAMBLER.

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We well remember the speckled, dark-eyed flowers that seemed to wink at one in childhood days; it is not these that have brought popularity to the flower, but the wonderful colouring of Sutton's Pink Beauty, a variety that possesses strength, a welcome compactness of growth and masses of flower clusters of a vivid salmon pink; they are not a true pink, but even more effective—a warm, glowing shade that may be used for distinct effects. If I were asked to choose two varieties, my choice would be Pink Beauty and either the double or the single crimson, both self colours. The plants are easily raised from seed, which, in the case of the two varieties that have been mentioned, should be sown either when the seeds are ripe or in spring, but in a cold frame. Success will come from sowing in the open border, and in the case of the ordinary forms this is advocated. It is wiser, however, not to risk the rarer types, but to sow in a cold

frame. When the seedlings are between 2in. and 3in. high, transplant them to another cold frame to promote a vigorous and well-balanced growth, from thence transferring them to the positions they are intended to beautify. In early autumn or spring this should be accomplished, the season depending upon when the seeds were sown. A safer way is to increase the plants from cuttings, which should be taken in early summer; it is not too late now, if there is no delay. Remove the lower leaves to give a clear stem for insertion in the soil, cut just beneath a joint and put them in shallow boxes or pans in a cold frame. Earlier in the season this is not necessary, the border providing all that is needful for quick and sure rooting. Sometimes a crowd of self-sown seedlings will appear; these may be transplanted elsewhere. My experience is that it is better to treat the Sweet William as a biennial and not as a perennial; the plants degenerate sadly after the second year. C.

## GIANTS' KETTLES.

**G**EOLOGISTS tell us that all the stratified rocks we meet with on the surface of the earth have been formed by the silt carried down and deposited by water from the erosion of pre-existing rocks. To lovers of Nature-study the methods by which rock material is broken down before it can be carried by water is exceedingly interesting: By oxidation or rusting of the iron met with in most minerals; by the splitting power of ice formed by the freezing of the water in the pores of the stone; by actual solution in water holding carbonic acid gas; by the mechanical grinding of stone on stone, and so on. The latter action we meet with in the beds of all streams, especially in floodtime, and the accompanying photographs illustrate a special phenomenon sometimes met with in the upper rocky reaches of all rivers. This is the formation of "pot-holes," or "giants' kettles," and an examination of the course of any mountain torrent where it rushes over a rocky bed will disclose the presence of these in various stages of manufacture or of breaking up. Their

formation is due to the swirling or eddying currents of water, which carry with them a quantity of gravel, stones,

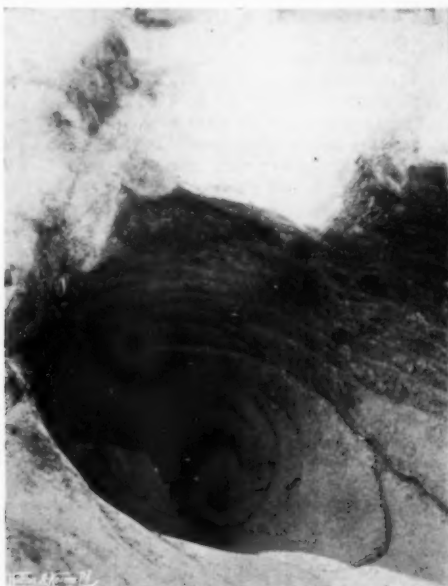
or even boulders. These, churned round and round in a circular track in a corner or hollow in the bed of the stream, gradually wear out a bowl-shaped cavity in the course of years. These pots may be of any size, according to the nature of the rock, the time occupied in their formation and the volume of water rushing past. In British streams they are often found as large as inverted beehives of the old-fashioned straw-skep kind, but in some of the sub-glacial streams on the Continent they are over a cubic yard in size, with actual boulders forming the



C. S. Sargisson. TWO POT-HOLES SHOWING SCOURING GRAVEL.

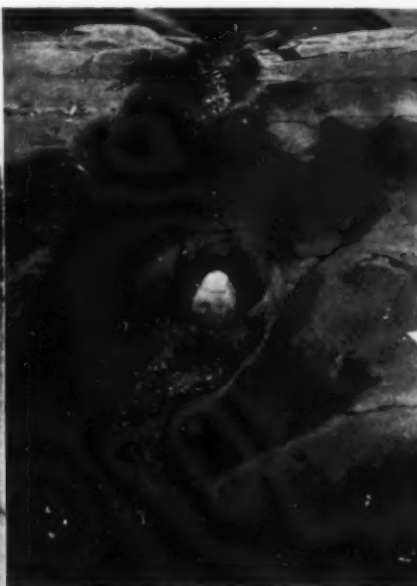
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"pestle" which has ground out a huge "mortar." Indeed, the alternative name of "giants' kettles" is of Scandinavian origin, and is limited to those originated by glacial streams. Visitors to the gardens at Lucerne are shown—if they are interested enough to look—several of these which were laid bare by the excavations in connection with the gardens. An ancient glacial stream had formed a series of them, which in later geological times had



C. S. Sargisson.

WITH LARGE SCOURING STONE.



CONE IN CENTRE.



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SMALL SCOURING STONES.

become silted up, to be re-opened by pick and shovel in our days. The loose boulders—some of them over a foot in diameter—are still *in situ* in the pot they helped to grind out.

The existence of kettles of really giant size are reported by American geologists. Thus the "Basin" in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains (Maine) is a pot-hole in granite, 15ft. deep and over 20ft. wide, and another on the White River (Vermont) is 15ft. deep and 18ft. wide, and so on with many others in the glaciated areas. The illustrations represent some exceedingly well-developed cases to be met with in Wharfe Dale near Linton. The rock is millstone grit, a coarse pebbly formation of sandstone, which lends itself exceedingly well to excavation by grinding. The difference in the methods of erosion is shown by the mountain limestone rock met with in the same river-bed in the immediate neighbourhood. The surface of the limestone gets eaten away by solution, or by straight grinding of the passing water carrying stones and grit; but the eddies do not generate pot-holes as they do on the less cohesive sandstone. There seems to be no rule as to this, however, for we meet with these kettles in all sorts of rocks. A central cone is noticeable in some of the photographs. The circulating water carrying the stones leaves the central part, as it were, and so an axis of the original rock remains. When a series of these pot-holes are formed down the bed of a stream, they eventually wear through into one another, and thus lead to the formation of a new and deeper track for the water.

Pot-holes can only be formed where there is a large quantity of water running with considerable force. A placid stream or a small quantity of water is ineffectual, and thus in the British Islands we only meet with them in the hill-country, and even there they are only working, as it were, during floodtimes. Subglacial streams, where a great deluge of water is flowing with much force, are the places where the biggest and best-formed ones are to be found; but it is only here and there that we can get at the uncovered bed of a glacier or find them in regions at one time covered by glaciers. The illustrations given of those from the Strid in Wharfe Dale are among the best-developed ones to be met with in any stream in Great Britain; but a careful examination of the rocky bed of almost any of our rivers in the upper reaches, where the current flows strong, would reveal their existence in various sizes and in different stages of excavation.

P. McCONNELL.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### JACK SNIFE NESTING IN SCOTLAND

THE jack snipe has long been supposed to nest in Scotland, but definite information has so far been lacking. I was talking a short time ago to a keeper who has an extensive knowledge of ornithology and is a most reliable observer, and he stated positively that he discovered the nest of the jack snipe on his beat last year. The nesting site was, undoubtedly, very suitable for the bird, and I have no doubt that he was quite correct in his statement. This year a male jack snipe was seen on the ground, but a nest was not found, though there probably was one in the vicinity. This particular district may well be said to be a birds' paradise, as another rare bird, the greenshank, was noted during the nesting season, and among other birds nesting near each other may be mentioned the common tern, lesser tern, eider-duck, black-headed gull, ringed plover, redshank, lapwing, shelduck, shoveller, tufted duck, grouse, stock-love, not to mention such small birds as the wheatear, linnet, meadow-pipit, rock-pipit and several others.

### YOUNG BULLFINCHES.

Some young bullfinches of my acquaintance have had rather an eventful early history. They were a second brood and were hatched about July 15th. The weather about that time was exceptionally windy, and during one of the prevalent gales the nest was capsized, and I found the five half-fledged young lying on the grass beneath the tree. As the nest was in a very dilapidated condition I placed it inside an ancient nest of the song-thrush and fixed it up as firmly as possible in the tree. When the parent birds came with food I was surprised to see first a cock and hen together and then, flying immediately behind

them, a second cock. It looked suspiciously as though the latter bird were attempting to alienate the affections of the hen from her mate; but this statement may be ruining a bullfinch's reputation without cause. The adult birds at first were extremely surprised to see that their brood had disappeared from the position where they had left them, but soon discovered them in their new quarters. It was noticeable that the hen bird never covered the young at night, nor did she even appear to roost in the vicinity. When the

young birds were almost ready to fly, I took two of them out of the nest and placed them on a branch of a larch tree, where I got several pretty photographs of them. At this time there were only four young, the fifth having died and been thrown out of the nest. I purposely left two in the nest while photographing the others, so that the parent birds should not forsake; but on returning to the nest half-an-hour or so later, I found that the young had left the nest, no doubt owing to persuasion by the adult birds, and no traces of them could be found anywhere. It seemed as though, having returned to the nest and finding half their family gone, the parents had persuaded the remainder to leave the nest to seek safer quarters.

### CURIOUS NESTING OF THE RINGED PLOVER.

On May 4th of the present season I discovered a nest of the ringed plover (*Aegialia hiaticula*) containing four eggs under a tussock of bents. On revisiting the spot on July 12th I was very much surprised to find that a second clutch of four eggs had been laid in the same nest and the bird was sitting. This was almost exactly ten weeks after I had found the first nest, and it would be interesting to know whether the same bird had reared one brood and then had returned and laid a second clutch. The young left the nest about ten days afterwards, and though one afternoon the eggs were not even chipped, by next morning the young had hatched out, and the only marks remaining were their footprints in the wet sand!

### A TAME LARK.

On one of the best-known Scottish golf courses a lark has this season nested in rather a dangerous situation. The nest was built and the young reared at a distance of scarcely 50yds. from a teeing ground, and directly on the course where many a fozzled drive passed perilously close to it. Almost every golfer on leaving the tee caused the bird to fly off her nest, yet the plucky lark ultimately hatched off her brood despite such adverse conditions, and became so confident that she would allow one to approach within a few feet of the nest, and sit quite unconcerned. As late as the time of writing—August 3rd—there are larks sitting on eggs or small young on the course, and a few days ago all the larks were noticed to be in a state of great excitement. The cause of this was found to be a weasel, which was prowling about the nesting ground surrounded by many perurbed larks. Every now and then a lark would drop down in front of him, but would flutter away just before the weasel could seize it, and was evidently attempting to decoy the marauder away from the nesting site.

### LATE NESTING OF THE SPOTTED FLYCATCHER.

The cold, ungenial weather we have been experiencing this summer has caused many of the birds to nest much later than usual. I actually got a photograph of a spotted flycatcher sitting on her nest on the last day of July. At that time the nest contained one chipped egg and a newly-hatched chick; so the parent bird was sitting very hard, and allowed me to approach to within a couple of feet before she left the nest. The spotted flycatcher, like the bullfinch in a wild state, has an almost inaudible song, and I never remember having heard one singing. The alarm note, on the other hand, is loud and distinct, a short and sharp "siss-tuk, siss-tuk," and is uttered by both parent birds when the young are approached.

### DANGERS OF THE YOUNG TERNS.

During the recent windy weather the colonies of terns have suffered severely. In the first place, the parent birds have had great difficulty in preserving their eggs, as if they leave the nest for a few minutes only the eggs are in danger of being completely covered by the drifting sand. It must be a most trying ordeal for the birds to sit on their nests while the sand is being swirled along in blinding clouds in front of the gale; and it is scarcely to be wondered at if the birds desert under the circumstances. For the unlucky young birds which are caught in the drift the danger is a very serious one, and we found many of the young birds lying about dead after a day of exceptional wind. Crouching in the sand, the young birds apparently have not the sense to seek the shelter of the bent; at all events, they are blinded by the sand, which completely fills their eyes, and the cause of death is probably suffocation, as their nostrils are bound to become choked by the sand. We saw one nest of newly hatched lesser terns in a pitiable plight, being half covered in the sand, so we made all haste to leave the spot so as to give the opportunity to the mother bird to return. Near the largest colony of terns a colony of black-headed gulls have



C. S. SARGISON.

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### ACTION OF WATER ON LIMESTONE.



established themselves latterly, and do a considerable amount of harm among the former birds. One often sees a black-headed gull flying off with a tern's egg in its bill, and hotly pursued by the infuriated terns. There is no doubt that the gulls also kill the young terns, as many are found with wounds which have probably been caused by the sharp beak of a gull. A few days of strong wind will kill infinitely more young terns than the gulls account for, however, and this year hundreds of young terns have been killed owing to the drifting sand. The temperature during the gales was abnormally low, and the young

eider-duck suffered also, many of them being so numbed by the cold and exhausted by their battle against the wind that they were unable to reach the shore. I saw one unfortunate youngster with just sufficient strength left to stagger on to the beach, when he fell down completely exhausted. As there was no sign of the mother bird near and the weather resembled mid-winter, I placed the unlucky young eider in my pocket to try and keep him alive, but he succumbed after a short time, in spite of every attention.

SETON GORDON.

## AGRICULTURE.

### BEEF-MAKING IN SUMMER.

THE grazier's accounts this year will show substantial profits—in the North, at any rate. While nearly every other district in England has been saturated with rain, the Border Country has, until quite recently, suffered from drought. But, while pastures have been bare, by reason of insufficient moisture, stock have done very well on the whole. A dry season is distinctly preferable to a wet one so far as the well-being of both sheep and cattle is concerned. An excess of rainfall produces herbage which appears to have a lower feeding value than that grown in a dry year, and it also renders sheep—particularly lambs—very liable to attacks of footsore. Beef prices have been very satisfactory all through the summer. Where the quality was good, 38s. per live cwt. has been readily obtained, and frequently more. This works out at a considerably higher price per dead stone than the same live-weight figure would speak to in winter with fold-fed cattle. Summer-fed beef yields a smaller number of dead pounds per cwt. than that made in winter. The difference is probably about 10 per cent.; that is to say, while winter-fed cattle will kill 60 per cent. of their live weight, those fattened in summer will not give more than about 54 per cent. The comparative figures, therefore, are as follows:

Summer fed: 112lb. live equals (at 54 per cent.) 60½lb. dead.  
Winter fed: 112lb. live equals (at 60 per cent.) 67¼lb. dead.

If a live cwt. brings 38s. both in summer and winter, the dead equivalents would be:

Summer: 60½lb. dead for 38s. equals 7½d. per lb. or 8s. 9d. per st.  
Winter: 67¼lb. dead for 38s. equals 6¾d. per lb. or 7s. 10½d. per st.

In other words, the summer equivalent of 38s. per live cwt. in winter would be about 34s. J. C.

### THE ANNUAL RAM SALES.

ALTHOUGH the harvest, hastened on as it has been by the glorious weather, will be occupying the thoughts of every arable farmer, the annual sales of rams will claim attention, and much interest will be felt in the results in face of the present low value of sheep. At the time of writing only a few have been held from noted flocks; but by the time these notes reach the reader's eye many important events will have taken place. The Oxford Down, a breed so widely used for crossing purposes, is very representative, and the two sales already held show contradictory results. That of Mr. J. Treadwell, a veteran and successful breeder, showed a falling off of about 30 per cent., while Mr. Hobbs of Fairford succeeded in slightly increasing his last year's average. So far, therefore, the issue is doubtful; but even if the averages prove somewhat lower than usual, no reasonable breeder will be disposed to grumble in view of the diminished profits of his customers. The sheep industry in this country is one that must always be kept going, because the lighter soils cannot well be farmed without the flock, which is an integral part of the system, and it would certainly be the worst possible economy for a farmer to save the value of a good tup and use a middling one because sheep are passing through a time of cheapness. If well-bred sheep are unprofitable, the situation will only be made worse by allowing the flock to depreciate in quality. A. T. M.

### THE WATER SUPPLIES PROTECTION BILL.

There is a very useful Bill now before the House of Lords, introduced by Lord Desborough, which ought to become law this session, if time could be found for a measure which does not appeal to party spirit. The objects of the Bill are to provide that no "water undertakers" shall sink wells or construct works for obtaining their supply unless such wells and works and the sites thereof have been expressly approved by Parliament. Next, that wherever private supplies are injured by abstraction of water for public supply, the owner shall be entitled to compensation. Further, that the district whence water is taken and through which it is conveyed shall be able to claim a share for its own needs on terms agreed or fixed by the Local Government Board. The Central Chamber of Agriculture have had this matter under consideration for several years, and Lord Desborough, the introducer, is a past chairman of that body. The Chamber considers that the present loose state of the law opens the door to great injustice towards landowners whose property is liable to invasion and damage without compensation. It has been a barren session as regards agricultural measures, and even this one has but a bare chance of passing the House of Commons. A Joint Committee of both Houses has been proposed in unofficial quarters, a step which would probably ensure the Bill's ultimate success.

### BULLOCK PASTURES.

It is a fine sight, to the agricultural eye, at any rate, to see a fully-stocked bullock pasture; it tells its own tale of intelligent and prosperous farming. And in July these pastures, the best of them usually with S-shaped furrows and high ridges, meet the eye everywhere—along

the sides of the mountain stream, between the feet of the hills; on either bank of the parent river in the lowland valley and on the slopes and uplands, which no fertilising flood-water ever reaches. These pastures are not, of course, of the same quality; some will make a bullock ready for the butcher by early August without any extraneous assistance; others require a liberal feed of cake to produce the same result; and many will do no more than bring the cattle, by October, into a suitable condition for putting into the folds for winter fattening. It is an interesting question: In what does the difference between these pastures consist and how does it arise? It is obvious, of course, that the feeding quality of the pastures differs, and differs materially, and I take it that a chemical analysis of the various classes of herbage would show that the good pastures contain a higher percentage of albuminoids than the poorer ones. But how does this come about? Some species of grasses contain more feeding value than other species, and if the rich pastures always consisted of the best feeding grasses, and the poorer ones of the plants of less value, one might be justified in attributing the difference, or a large part of it, to the presence of grasses of high value. But we know that this is not so. Some of the best fields I know consist largely of crested dogtail, but the same grass is predominant also on many pastures which have only a low feeding value. *Holcus lanatus* is usually looked upon as being practically valueless on many soils, yet on others, where it is so largely in evidence, it is undoubtedly of fair value. The same applies to other grasses; and one species of plant may be, and often is, found predominating in fields of both high feeding value and low. We must, therefore, conclude that the effects of soil conditions are of far greater importance in determining the quality of a pasture than the species of grasses growing upon it. But what are the soil properties which make bad grasses good and good ones better, and which take others not of front rank to the top of the tree? Plants, we know, need nitrogen, phosphates and potash in order that they may be properly nourished. Both rich and poor soils supply these materials, though probably not in the same quantity or proportion. But if we apply artificial manures to the latter class of soils, and so bring them to a level in this respect with the former, we still cannot make them of the same feeding value; although we may effect considerable improvement, the second-rate pastures are still only second-rate. There must therefore, one would think, be some outstanding quality in the character of the manurial food supplied by the "rich" soil to the plants growing upon it—there must be some great difference between the plant food supplied by such soils and that provided by the poorer lands, and also between the former and the various sorts of artificial manures which we use. What is that difference? Can it be detected and can something be found to equalise it? If this is not the explanation, what is? Is there some property possessed by the rich soils which is yet unknown? If so, can it be discovered? I should explain that I am not thinking of deep alluvial soils on the one hand, and thin, bare, stony lands on the other; between these it would hardly be fair to make a comparison; but I have in mind contiguous fields on the same estate, lying along the banks of the same river, which, until fifty years ago, had been flooded in times of spate for several centuries. They are now protected by banks. Some of the fields are noted for fattening a bullock on every acre, but many will not do that, or anything like it, yet all grow a full crop of herbage.

### A WIDESPREAD FALLACY.

A good deal has been said during the last few years about pedigree layers, and 200 eggs have been mentioned as almost the minimum to be expected from properly bred and properly fed fowls. On such terms poultry-keeping is obviously a very paying business, and no small disappointment arises when the end of the year finds sanguine expectation altogether unfulfilled. It would appear that nothing could be simpler: 200 eggs at 1d. each equals 16s. 8d.; cost of feeding at 1d. a week for fifty-two weeks equals 4s. 4d.; profit per bird 12s. 4d.—multiply indefinitely and the annual income may be measured by hundreds and thousands, not in pence but pounds! Anyone who will take the trouble to look at the balance-sheet published by the Utility Poultry Club in connection with their twelve-months' laying competition will find that the cost of feeding averages 1½d. a week instead of 1d.; and this estimate agrees with that laid down in the leaflet (No. 114) on Feeding of Poultry issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Furthermore, the results of the Utility Poultry Club competition show that only five birds out of 120 produced as many as 200 eggs during the year, but that the average output was only 141 eggs per bird, although the conditions were ideal for heavy laying, and not exactly what one would expect to find in an ordinary amateur's yard. Even then, however, the theoretical profit undergoes considerable change: 141 eggs at 1d. apiece equals 12s. 9d.; feeding for fifty-two weeks at 1½d. equals 6s. 6d.; profit per bird 5s. 3d.—still a good round sum, but very different from 12s. 4d. For the ordinary poultry-keeper the theoretical profit needs to be reduced still further; incubators are not regularly used, but birds are employed for sitting purposes, and so a great part of the laying season is diverted from egg-production. My short experience agrees with 1½d. as the average cost of feeding, and suggests eighty-four eggs as the average to be expected per year. Now eighty-four eggs at 1d. equals 7s.; feeding for fifty-two weeks at 1½d. equals 6s. 6d.; profit per bird equals 6d.—a very,



very different thing from 12s. 4d., but I venture to think a truer. Forty birds leaving a profit of 6d. each gives a year's profit of £1. My balance-sheet, arrived at in the usual way and quite distinct from this theory I am building, shows a profit of £2 8s. 8d. W. G. W.

#### CURRENT TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A month ago no one would have dared to foretell that by August 10th new wheat would be in the market. Yet such was the case, and samples by that date had changed hands at 40s. and 41s. per quarter of 504lb. This is less by a few shillings per quarter than the value of old wheat, but that may be a question of dryness and condition, for nothing tangible can yet be known of the quality of the new crop. The fine weather of the first half of August, even if followed by less settled conditions, has been of inestimable value in maturing the grain, hastening the ripening and assisting the development of the kernel, and the wheat crop generally can scarcely fail to be at least an average one. In those circumstances 40s. per quarter will be a tempting price for these days, and quick realisation will be the order of the day. Beef continues to sell well, and cattle will thrive much faster in pastures broiling in sunshine than they have done on the washy grass produced by constant rains. Sheep form the only cloud on the farmers' horizon at the moment, and their depreciation is serious. It is now generally agreed that the cause is, after all, the excessive supplies of foreign origin,

the value of which has sunk to within measurable distance of zero. Enormous losses have fallen on shippers and speculators, and such a state of things must cure itself in a little time.

Corn crops which were laid flat by the storms, especially those that "went down" early in June, appear very bulky, and at first sight one would think that they would yield heavily, but on close examination one finds that the

heads of many cereals contain only tale corn. A good deal of the wheat, too, has suffered from blight or rust, and fields which in May looked most promising will, I fear, produce much straw but far less grain than was expected. Barley, although much improved by the recent hot sun, will be, generally speaking, inferior in quality. It is the farmer who has grown two white straw crops in succession, or the one who cultivates the poorest of light land, who will be delighted with this season's harvest, rather than the man who farms very highly on rich soil. Holdings on which the corn almost withers away to nothing if the weather is very hot in June or July have this season produced the most luxuriant crops that I can ever remember to



W. Selfe

CARTING TURNIP SEED

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have seen grown on that class of land, and on many farms the most profitable wheat, barley and oats will be grown where the previous crop was corn or mangolds, whereas in most years the reverse would be the case. On a large shooting estate near Brandon, where the land is mostly a rabbit warren carrying about three or four rabbits to the acre, this year rye attained the height of 8ft.; in an ordinary time 1ft. or 2ft. would be the average height.

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**I**N the brief preface to her remarkable book, *Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women* (Constable), Demetra Vaka tells us that the unusual contents are not fiction, that, substantially, "everything is true as told." The statement gives additional value to a book that would have, at any rate, commanded attention for the literary skill of its execution and its mixture of amusement and instruction. The point of view is piquant. In the course of her narrative the authoress lets us know that she is of Greek descent, though born a Turkish subject, that she left Turkey at girlhood's most impressionable stage, and that she had to fight for her own livelihood in the United States. Now this is a singular combination. The Yankee turns of speech remind us that she has fallen into the way of her adopted home, but her Americanism covers a most unusual sympathy with, and understanding of, that part of the Orient which owns the Sultan as ruler. The advantage is seen in her ability to single out those traits which are most interesting to the Occidental mind. At the back of her head probably lay the idea of making out a case, but she proceeds by narrative only, so that the book is likely to be as welcome to the student as to the general reader. The tone is generally that of light and easy comedy, but at times it deepens into pathetic, even into tragic, force. Generally speaking the result is to show that many of our women display a want of liberality of thought when they refer to harem life as the lowest depth of female degradation. These womanly voices from the East are raised in contradiction. In her vivacious sketches the Turkish woman displays qualities that are lost in competitive Europe. Their life is tranquil, but it is far from excluding love, even as it is understood in the West. Nor is the Turkish marriage bereft of romance and passion. "I hate to think of you living away in that half-civilised country of America," says Djimlah in the course of her story, and when challenged she gives the following reason for the faith that is in her:

"What a man gives to one woman he never gives to another. What he is to his first wife he never is to his second or third. It always amuses me how slow you European women are to understand men. You put up with the greatest outrages in order to remain the only wives. A man is not like a woman, who is essentially a mother. A man by nature is polygamous. His

nature must expand; sometimes it is more than one woman that he must love; sometimes he gives himself over to state matters; sometimes it is a career or a profession that he needs. But, whatever he does, the love of one woman is not and cannot be enough to occupy him. When a man has a nature to love more than one woman what happens? According to our sacred laws he may marry them. They are loved and honoured by him, and the children of this second or third love are his children and share his name as they share his property. But what happens in your countries and with your habits? A man repudiates his first wife, generally with a great deal of scandal, for a second. He gives her little money, and the other children lose their father's companionship. If the man cannot divorce his wife, he leads her the life of a dog and lives a libertine himself. Or, if he loves another woman and she loves him, and they live together, the woman carries a burden of shame and the children born out of their great love are outcasts."

Other characters refer in unflattering terms to the "detached females" who visit Turkey from other countries. One of the stories is about a Turkish woman who was persuaded to elope with an Englishman. She found life in this country empty and tiresome. Moreover, she considered our morality looser than that of the Turk:

"When as a girl I had read about European life, it had seemed to me so attractive, so wonderful. But when I came to taste it, it was empty and bitter. European women have no friends as we understand them. They have no leisure hours to think and to dream, and to come to know themselves and their God. They do not even have time to take care of their children, and nurses, with whom they would not for anything in the world associate themselves, are entrusted with the sacred duty of forming their children's minds. Indeed, there is nothing sacred in a European woman's life—at least, *yavrum*," she modified her statement, "not in the lives of the women I have seen. Do you know, little bride of the river, that though Edgar had kept me so close to him, lots of men had told me things they had no business to tell me. Oh! I was sick of it all. Not once in all those dreary years had I met with people who said, 'If Allah wishes it! If it is the will of Allah!' But I prayed and prayed to my great Allah to let me return to my own people. And he heard my prayer."

The story had best be left for the reader to find for himself. At the end she carries the baby of her English husband back to Turkey and shudders at the idea of his being brought up in his father's country. "Give the child to be brought up among that godless set of people! No, no, I cannot do it."

This is only one of many passages which show that the Eastern mind is very much impressed with the paganism of the West. The Turkish woman and the man retain their faith in Allah and are still able to pray with earnestness that "he will take care of the living and forgive the dead." But, further, Turkish women have not the self-consciousness of women who sometimes think themselves more highly civilised. They are still to a great extent children, and even with those who are so far emancipated as to read the wide literature of these modern days, it does not enter into their souls. They are amused and interested by the French novels, which find such a free entrance into the harems, but seldom does it occur to the mind of anyone to apply in hard practice the doctrines so lightly set forth there. It would, of course, be absurd to say that the authoress makes out an unanswerable argument for Turkish marriage customs as opposed to those of Europe and the United States; but it is to her credit that she is able to take us below the surface and show us that the system is not so foul as it is painted. It cannot be said that she is an out-and-out supporter of it. One of these stories, at least, and it is one of the best and most pathetic in the book, illustrates the abuses of the Turkish marriage customs. The talk is about a man and a woman whose love for one another can only be likened to what we hear in old romances; but the relations of the husband make up their minds that he shall marry a slave who, they intend, shall live with him during his wife's illness, after which she shall be sent away. The young wife is suffering from *gusel vereni*, a disease akin to our consumption. The scheme is carried out to its logical conclusion, with tragical results. The woman meets her appointed fate, and her husband in the middle of a dark and stormy night, feeling a desire to visit her grave, does so in the rain, and as far as can be gathered seems to have fallen asleep and caught a chill. His dead body was found there in the morning. As the writer says:

Allah, in his supreme clemency, took him to his heart, and gave him back to his bride, now cured from earthly ills.

The story is beautifully told and is in itself an affecting instance of passion and constancy, and the sadness that often goes with them, but on closer consideration it reveals many dark spots which detract enormously from the force of the argument derived from the other tales in the volume.

#### THE COMEDY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

**The Gilded Beauties of the Second Empire**, by Frédéric Loliée; adapted by Bryan O'Donnell. (John Long.)

"GOD'S comedians in ordinary," as Heine called the Parisians, never were in gayer mood than during the few years which followed 1860. It was a time of unusual prosperity, and the Court set the fashion of enjoyment by its lavish receptions and entertainments. Typical of the time was the famous ball given by the Duc and Duchesse de la Pagerie at the Hôtel d'Albe on April 24th, 1860, in which Mlle. Erazu appeared as a goddess of fire and Mme. Metternich and three other ladies in "costumes which seemed to be made of white vapour, fringed with azure and studded with adamantine stars," represented an allegory of the air. The ball was one of many displays. But care, dark care, sits behind the horseman, and there were many tragic occurrences that showed the dark side of this reign of joy and folly. The suicide of the Maréchal Bazaine, and the murder of Count Camerata, still a mystery, the suicide of Achille Murat and that of the Baronne de Silveira proved that a merry life was in many cases also a short one. M. Loliée's analytical method takes him into all kinds of places. In his chapter on "Gay Life and Theatre Wings," he tells the extraordinary tale of Eliza Parker, who began life as a servant girl at a wayside inn in Ohio. A French musician saw her and married her, and that phlegmatic monarch William III. of Holland made her fortune when he presented her with a bundle of certificates which he thought were valueless, but represented shares in an American petroleum oil company which was on the way to fortune. The histories of Mme. de X., Mme. de Brimont and the other actresses and lovers of art are enough to furnish generations of novelists with copy. The chapter on "Noctambulists and Famous Gamblers" will remind English readers of the days of the Regency. Nocturnal amusements and nocturnal gambling were varied by the proceedings of men like Gaiiffe, Aurélien Scholl and Claudin, who were philosophers, not dissolute and worthless beings. "They were peculiar, inasmuch as they hated going to bed at rational middle-class hours. They divided their time as they thought fit, and in the company of other amiable noctambulists they deliberately turned night into day. They invariably met as if by chance at the same spot and at the same hour when the boulevards were already deserted. The buzz and noise of the day had ceased, business was at a standstill, the footlights of the theatres extinguished. They felt that they could now dream and discourse at leisure. Nestor Roqueplan had generally been to the opera or to some social function, De Beauvoir never said where he came from. Gustave Claudin usually left the paper at 1 a.m., while Aurélien Scholl had returned from some expedition the victorious result of which was due to his good looks and engaging manners. Lambert Thiboust's plays held the bills of three or four theatres, and he usually arrived at the trysting-place from one or other of them. They would take up their quarters at the Maison d'Or, the Café des Variétés or at Brebant's, and proceed to discuss art and love till sunrise. That was their method of distilling the exquisite minutes of intellectual life." The book would be much more amusing were it not for the recurring memory that all this gaiety and merriment, this elegance and feasting and profusion, occurred immediately before one of the greatest calamities that ever befel France. Even those who are ready to sympathise with that love of pleasure which informed all classes of Parisians from the highest to the

lowest, must admit that it has to be checked in the case of a nation which at any moment may be drawn into a great war. Many of those who had wasted the greater part of their fortunes in debauchery and trifling were just about to experience the horrors of the siege of Paris. The preparation for that struggle between France and Germany could not have been worse on the part of the former country.

#### THE VOICE OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

**The Centenary of Tennyson**, by T. Herbert Warren, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. (Clarendon Press.)

THE Vice-Chancellor's remarkable lecture was well worth reprinting. It is as well-balanced an appreciation of Tennyson as has ever been published. Mr. Herbert Warren has not only grown up and reached maturity in the atmosphere of his subject, but knew him personally, and his essay is full of intimate touches that bring the poet home to us. But it also is a piece of excellent criticism. The President of Magdalen hits the nail on the head when he says, "There is as much fundamental brain work underneath his poetry as there is in that of Browning or any poet of the century." The contrast he draws between the late Laureate and the *esprit forts* is as just as it is effective. The following theme naturally suggests itself for extraction: "All I can say is that I found him consistently most kind, and when I got over the first shyness, most genial and cordial. His playfulness, his humour, were as remarkable as his profundity and his sublimity. But perhaps what struck me most was his transparent candour." The following, too, is very happy: "I can only compare his popularity with that of Virgil, who was at once the hero and the favourite of the city crowd and the provincial empire of the Rome of his day, and yet appealed at once and lastingly to the scholar, the statesman and the philosopher." Altogether this little book is much more worthy of preservation than many more pretentious volumes.

#### FLOREAT ETONA.

**Eton Memories**, by An Old Etonian. (London: John Long, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a collection of capital stories about Eton school-life under Keate, written, it appears, in the sixties by the last survivor of a sextet of cheerful Etonians who boarded at Mrs. Atkins's, now Gulliver's, and enjoyed themselves light-heartedly and whole-heartedly indoors and out of doors, on the river or on the floods. The whole book is redolent of the age in which it was written; the conversations, character sketches and moralisations are couched in the verbose, allusive and jocular style associated with the reminiscences of all "good old Etonians," ever young, ever gallant and ever in favour of a "rag." As a picture of life in Keate's time the stories supplement the literature of the period with many picturesque touches; they are easy to read, and each chapter is a story in itself; so that no Etonian should miss an opportunity of dipping into these most pleasant pages of anecdote.

#### A ROMANCE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

**The Marriage of Hilary Carden**, by Stanley Portal Hyatt. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THERE have been many poems written about the romance of the road—not the road of highwaymen, but the road that wanders over the hills and far away. The romance of the road began when the Romans first traversed Britain with the great highways over which their legions passed, that later on resounded to the chatter of Chaucer's motley pilgrims, and through the centuries were of infinite romance. Mr. Hyatt has written a tale of the road called, rather inappropriately, *The Marriage of Hilary Carden*. It is not the road of this old country so clearly ready for romance, where . . . thro' the field the road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot.

It is the transport roads of South Africa that have given Mr. Hyatt working stuff for his imagination. They were made by the early transport-riders through difficult, dangerous country, which the great ox-waggons rolled over and opened up to civilisation. The story of John Allingham is the story of the advance of South Africa, and when he married the English girl, Hilary Carden, the road was already giving place to the railway. Mr. Hyatt has described this change with the ardour of a poet lamenting the passing of things fair and primitive. "It was a pioneers' Road, always the work of men fighting for their own hand, unaided by the State. Against them were the natives and the wild beasts, all the terrors of the unknown hand; and yet it was the very fascination of the Unknown, rather than any concrete idea of gain, which spurred the makers on. The railway is crudely commercial, authorised by the State, built by the public in the hope of dividends, prosaic from its very inception, an eyesore in all its details; but the Road has always stood for romance, at least to those who have been able to understand it." The strange medley of life round the mining-camps, the men from Universities, younger sons of noble families, outcasts, adventurers, young white men who contaminated natives, others like John Allingham and the Hon. Mr. McMurdo, the barman at the Marvel mine, who remained what English gentlemen can be even on the outposts of civilisation, mingle in the story. Mr. Hyatt can draw men and the jolly wild good fellowship and recklessness of their lives so far afield, but he is not very successful with his women. Hilary Carden, who is supposed to come out "trumps" in the end, is a very lifeless specimen of womankind, and all her family are poorly pictured. The misery of John Allingham, confined to the petty, uninteresting life of an English village by his unsympathetic wife, is well imagined. Mr. Hyatt's book is a vigorous, manly story.

#### AUTHORITATIVE CRITICISM.

**Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting**, by W. Bode, translated by Margaret L. Clarke. (Duckworth.)

THE general body of picture-lovers, as well as those whose interest in art is specialised and serious, owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Messrs. Duckworth for giving them an opportunity of studying



Dr. Bode's authoritative work, *Rembrandt und seine Zeitgenossen*, in an English translation. Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin, has a universal reputation not only for the depth and accuracy of his learning, but also for his powers of criticism and appreciation and his unerring taste. The book opens with an all-too-short essay on Rembrandt, on whose art Dr. Bode is perhaps the greatest living authority. This is followed by chapters on Franz Hals, "The Dutch Genre Picture," "Landscape Painting in Holland," "Dutch Still-Life," Adriaen Brouwer and "Rubens and Van Dyck." The last chapter, contrasting the work of Rubens and Van Dyck and giving a list of paintings supposed to be by Rubens but really by the latter artist, done during the years 1617 to 1621, will come as a great surprise to many English readers unfamiliar with Dr. Bode's researches. He thus explains the similarity: "In spite of this gulf between master and pupil, the works of the two artists during a short period of their lives are so nearly related that it is difficult to distinguish them. So difficult, indeed, is it that until a short time ago the majority of Van Dyck's paintings of his early period were ascribed to Rubens, and are even still admired by some as his masterpieces. This is explained by that impressionable and dependent element in Van Dyck's nature which led to his almost assimilating the manner of Rubens during those years in which he was his fellow-worker and pupil. At any rate, the two artists' pictures painted between about the years 1617 and 1621 look so much alike that they may be confused." Dr. Bode's penetrating and illuminative criticisms cannot fail to increase the powers of appreciation of

those readers who find the quiet appeal of Dutch art not exciting enough. The book is fully illustrated and well produced, though it is not innocent of misprints. The translation appears to be adequate.

THE "ANECDOTAGE" OF A FISHERMAN.  
Light Lines and Tight Lines, by W. Carter Platts. Illustrated. (Jarrold and Sons.)

THE actual fishing reminiscences and advice in this book are worth considerable trouble to extract, but the matrix of irrelevant and hoary anecdotes in which they are embedded makes the task a hard one. "Fishin' t'worm uphill" and "swimming" it for gravling are well and ably described, and the author, in discussing dry-fly methods, hits the bulls-eye with his remark that "only experience teaches where a trout ought to be, and none has learnt the lesson better than the stone-fly fisher of the north-country rivers." Mr. Carter Platts is a thorough master of his craft.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.  
Splendid Brother, by W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen.)  
The Court of Louis XIII., by K. A. Patmore. (Methuen.)  
Lords of the Sea, by Edward Noble. (Methuen.)  
Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women, by Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). (Constable.)  
On the Making of Gardens, by Sir George Sitwell. (Murray.)  
[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE XLVI.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### SHOWING THE HOLE.

IT is very satisfactory to see how the general manner of standing at the hole has been altered within the last twelve months or so, entirely as the effect of the good example set by a few of the leading players. The manner referred to is, of course, for the caddie to stand well away from the hole and to show it by the flag-stick held in it at his arm's length. At first it was very bothersome to most of us who had mispent a considerable golfing life in putting at a hole in the apex of the angle made by the caddie's two feet. There was much grumbling, some Tories would not depart from the time-honoured way, and some will not do so still. But by degrees most of the golfing world have fallen into the habit of putting, without remonstrance, at the hole thus indicated, and it is a habit which the local authorities in charge of each course are almost sure to inculcate as part of the whole duty of the caddie. It is greatly for the better preservation of the ground just about the hole, especially in soft weather, that it should not suffer the continual trampling which the old manner of standing right up to the hole made inevitable. Now that we have grown used to the new mode, most of us prefer the clear horizon beyond the hole which it gives, and possibly our putting is improved by it, though that may be only a pleasant unction of flattery that we lay to our souls. But the point which is really so good about it all is the way in which the change has been brought about—no heated argument, no cast-iron rule, but simply the good example set and docilely followed. That the example is good is quite beyond question. The standing up to the hole, besides its ill effect in the wearing of the green, made the ball apt to be deflected by the ridges and valleys—imperceptible, perhaps, but still existent—just at that important point in its career when it was losing the force of its impact and just crawling in the last moribund stages towards the hole.

### THE SHUT DOOR.

Pleasant memories are revived in reading of a match at Leven between Andrew Kirkcaldy and Andrew Scott. Andrew—there is really only one—is always with us, but Scott has not played very much in public of late years, perhaps because he has been engrossed in club-making.

I was a match between these two some years ago that gave rise to one of Andrew's famous observations. It was at St. Andrews and Scott had had at one time a handsome lead, but Kirkcaldy had gradually worn him down and at last stood one up with three to play. Then at the corner of the dyke he ran down a long putt and made himself dormy two. "The door's shut now," he shouted with formidable emphasis, and he duly won the match by 3 and 1 at the next hole. There is a cruel, inexorable ring about the words "The door's shut now"; in them are concentrated all the glorious security of the man who is dormy and the hoping against hope, the feeling that nothing but a miracle can save him, which are the portion of the other man. It is a horribly poignant saying.

### CUT AND THE RUBBER-CORE.

A few practical experiments which I have been making lately have convinced me that it is very much more necessary with the rubber-cored ball than it used to be with the old "gutties" to have the stance exactly right when we are addressing the ball. This is true of every stroke, but especially of the iron approach strokes. I do not think that the reason is very hard to see. It is all of a piece with the fact that the rubber-core does not take "heel" and "toe" so much as the solid ball used to, so that it is more easily kept straight. If we found ourselves when on the very point of striking one of the old balls in an approach shot standing in such a way as would tend to make us send the ball a little to the left, let us say, of the hole, we should very likely not take the trouble to alter the stance. We should correct the probable error by drawing the club-head a little more across the ball than we had intended to do when we first took up our stance, and, so playing the shot, the result, with the old ball, was often what we anticipated, that the ball curved to the right in its flight and so landed finally in the direction in which we originally meant it to land. But with the rubber ball the drawing of the club-head across the ball does not have at all an equal effect in the way of sending the ball with a curve from the left; indeed, a cross-cut which would be sufficient to deflect the flight of a "gutter" very severely has hardly any effect at all on the direction of the livelier ball, which is so much quicker away from the club. The ultimate result, in the case of elderly people, who have grown grey in golf with the "gutter"



LORD WALTER GORDON-LENOX.

ball, is that they are very apt to be "sold" again and again in consequence of their laziness; finding they are standing too much towards the left of the hole for the ball to go straight to it if hit in the normal way, they try to make up for this error in stance by putting on cut. Either they must put on a great deal more cut than has grown to be natural and instinctive in course of a long education with the "gutter," or else—which is by far the easier way of accuracy—they must alter their stance. This is one of the things which the golfer who has grown to discretion with the "gutter" ball has to unlearn, and the realisation of the necessity will save him many a disappointment in the nature of the ball's not going where he meant it to go, because of its comparative reluctance to take the cut.

#### PLAYING TWO BALLS.

Golf is not really amusing except in a match, but sometimes the dull necessity arises of playing by one's self, or not at all, and in order to relieve the monotony of the former process, it is not a bad plan to play one ball against another, playing two at each hole all through the round. You thus, in the walking of one round, get the practice of two. Moreover, it is likely to be a source of much interest and surprise to you to find by how many holes one of the balls will often defeat the other, and this though you may be playing quite a steady game with both. It would be interesting to see how it would work out with one of the real clockwork golfers, say Taylor. Probably even he would often beat himself by five or more holes, though it need not follow that his beaten score was a very bad one. It is easy to be beaten by five holes at Mid-Surrey if the other man is round in 66, as Taylor was the other day. One of the points that comes out in the playing of these two-ball-but-one-man contests is that the one ball will beat the other by a great number of holes very much more often on a course which is much *accidenté* than on one which is simple. The holes which you will always, or nearly always, halve, if you are playing steadily, are those of the drive and long pitch order. They are always dull fours with both balls. The holes which it is difficult to get in four, or where there is a hard but legitimate chance of a three, are those which are won and lost. You might almost, as it seems, accept it as a test proving the character of a course—as that it is a good and interesting and amusing one—if you often, when playing with two balls, find one beating the other by many holes. If you find the two very level at the finish, with many holes halved, it is a dull course.

#### THE IRISH CHAMPIONSHIP AT DOLLYMOUNT.

With the early days of September comes the Irish championship, to which many English and still more Scottish golfers make an annual pilgrimage. It falls to be held this year at Dollymount, and Dollymount will be looked at with especially critical eyes, because it is the course which was put forward by the Irishmen as worthy of amateur championship honours; moreover, with that extra course coming in every sixth year, Irishmen will be more hopeful than ever. The men of Dublin have been digging and delving among the sandhills to make some additional holes, and those should now presumably be ready. They had, when viewed in embryo, the appearance of good holes, and they came just at the right place, the only place almost where the course betrayed a tendency towards weakness and shortness. As it stood before, however, Dollymount was in many ways bad to beat. It is a little like Hoylake in that it has at first sight rather a childlike and innocuous appearance. It looks flat and easy, and the sandhills, even as at Hoylake, seem too far off to matter. As with the Liverpool course, however, this appearance of innocence is but a mask and the golf is very far from easy, save, perhaps, on an absolutely calm day, a day that would disarm almost any course. The bunkers are very near the greens—not in front of them but in ambush at the sides; they have been placed with a diabolical ingenuity and the ground "draws" towards them. It is altogether very fine golf, this Dublin course, and should produce a worthy champion.

#### THENCE TO LAHINCH.

The Dollymount festival over, those who still yearn for a champion's laurels may betake them to Lahinch in County Clare in order to win the South of Ireland championship. Here they may get more good golf but of a slightly more holiday kind, for Lahinch has many blind shots over big hills and the greens lie often in little dells and hollows, where there is always a chance of a long shot lying pleasantly near the hole. The holder of the title is Mr. A. R. Aitken, of Prestwick fame, who defeated the Rev. P. Gannon in the final last year by more holes than it would be altogether kind to mention. Father Gannon has been making up for that lost championship ever since, for he has just won two foreign tournaments and is rivalling Mr. H. L. Gaw of Philadelphia as a Continental champion. If there was such a thing as a clerical championship, Father Gannon would probably start a warm favourite for the honour.

#### LORD WALTER GORDON-LENNOX.

Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox plays most of his golf in the South at Walton Heath and New Zealand. At New Zealand he has accomplished some alarmingly low scores, and no doubt the course suits him exactly, since he is gifted with no vast length, but something more than a useful measure of accuracy. Altogether he is a player cut out by Nature to be an ideal partner in a foursome, and, properly considered, what higher praise can there be?

## KENNEL NOTES.

#### AN ARCTIC DOG.

THE dogs of the Arctic regions present many features of interest to cynologists, as we have every reason for believing that they approach more nearly to the parent wild stock than any others. The Eskimo, the Samoyede, and the elkhound possess strongly marked lupine characteristics, and we see the same features in the Pomeranian, or Spitz, which is also of Northern origin, as well as in the Chow Chow. The first three have never enjoyed wide popularity, some doubts being cast upon their trustworthiness. Opinions vary a good deal as to the disposition of the Eskimo, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that it is not everything one could wish,

and he has a tendency to hunt every living thing, which at times proves disconcerting. Major Hicks Beach says that elkhoums make charming companions, and they are certainly very handsome animals, but they must not have their liberty in the neighbourhood of a deer park. Eskimo and Samoyedes are alike used for draught purposes, being invaluable to their owners; but the former, although more powerfully built, are considered by most explorers to be less suitable for work. They are far less tractable. The Samoyede is smaller, but he is more manageable, while his powers of endurance are remarkable. Mr. F. G. Jackson used them on his expeditions with results that were most satisfactory. In a domesticated state the Samoyede is said to prove a success in every way. He has many companionable qualities, he is particularly hardy and the texture of his coat prevents dirt being easily picked up. A specialist club now watches over his interests. It is a good many years since Mr. E. Kilburn Scott of Vale House, Bromley, introduced the first Samoyede into this country, and Mrs. Kilburn Scott now has a large kennel, from which she has sold many puppies. Antarctic Buck, whose portrait appears on this page, is a most typical example of the breed. Mr. Kilburn Scott brought him from Australia a few months ago, where he had been left after the first Antarctic expedition. For this expedition, it will be remembered, Sir George Newnes fitted out the whaler, Southern Cross, under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink. It succeeded in planting the Union Jack 78deg. 50min. South, a remarkable achievement considering that it was the first actually to travel on the Antarctic Continent. The information then obtained has been of the greatest possible assistance to those later explorers, Captain Scott and Lieutenant Shackleton. Sledge dogs played an important and indispensable part. The Southern Cross, Mr. Kilburn Scott tells me, took ninety dogs from London, most of them being Samoyedes from North-Eastern Russia.



ANTARCTIC BUCK.

There were also a few Eskimos from Greenland and an elkhound from Norway. These weighed over 50lb. each, while the Samoyedes only averaged about 40lb.

A good deal of bickering went on during the voyage, so that when the dogs were first let loose on the ice there was soon a pretty set to, old scores being wiped out. Several of the largest succumbed, for Mr. Borchgrevink noticed, as other explorers had done, that the pack will, with one accord, mark out certain of its members for destruction. The odd thing is that the boycotted dogs usually know the aversion in which they are held and go to their masters for protection. It was not without considerable trouble that the animals were broken to their arduous duties. If two sledge teams happen to get abreast it is not an easy matter to prevent a general *mélée*, and it is partly for this reason that sledges usually travel one behind the other. During one of the journeys the party was snowed up for several days, and the dogs suffered severely through being frozen to the ice.

Lieutenant Peary, in one of his Polar expeditions, had a precisely similar experience. Many also suffered from frozen feet. In spite of these rigorous conditions, many healthy puppies were reared, of which Antarctic Buck was one. There is a good deal of natural heat in a Samoyede dog who is having a liberal allowance of seal and flesh diet. Mr. Borchgrevink used to place his frozen reindeer sleeping-bag where the dogs could lie upon it, and in about half-an-hour it would be well thawed. On one occasion a dog strayed away, not returning for a couple of months, when he looked fat and well, having probably subsisted on penguins in the meantime. This circumstance is interesting as showing that there is just a possibility of a canine race being acclimatised in these regions. The dogs which Lieutenant Shackleton took with him three years ago were from Stewart Island, New Zealand, and were descended from those taken out by the Southern Cross. Antarctic



Buck signalled his release from quarantine by winning the five-guinea cup at the recent Redhill show, offered by the late Mr. George Dalziel, for the best of his kind. He is the largest of the breed in the country, standing 27in. at the shoulder. A feature which will commend these dogs to many people, especially dwellers in towns, is that they never bark.

#### TWO ENQUIRIES.

A correspondent seeks advice about a ten year old Yorkshire terrier who is much troubled with warts, some quite large and fleshy. He also sometimes suffers from eczema and is subject to thick scurf. Warty growths usually appear on very young or old dogs. In the former case they are frequently amenable to a treatment of arsenic, which, however, is useless in the latter. Excision by a knife or pair of sharp scissors is practically the only remedy, unless they have a narrow neck at the union

with the body. A ligature of fine silk or horsehair will then cause them to drop off. I would suggest trying cocoanut oil for the scurf and, when eczema appears, a dressing of powdered sulphur and vaseline. I fear that the trouble arises principally from the age of the dog. The meal on which he is fed might be discontinued, and a little meat and boiled rice substituted for a change.

Another correspondent seeks a remedy for fleas in a Persian kitten. I am surprised that the powder already tried has not proved efficacious. I would suggest wringing a small sponge out in paraffin or benzine, and wiping with it the parts most frequented. It should not be too moist. Fleas have a great dislike to paraffin, and I have frequently cleared them out of puppies in this way. A daily brushing would be a good preventive.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### WHITE TAG ON FOX'S BRUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The white tag on the fox's brush is common, but not invariably present. I have examined a very large number of foxes' skins and have found very great variations in colouring. There is, nevertheless, I believe, only one species of fox in England. The differences in size, colouring and so on are variations occasioned by climate, surroundings and food. T. (Gentleman) Smith in his "Life of a Fox," considers that there are several kinds of fox; but the "greyhound," the "cur" and other foxes are, it is believed, only variations of our common red fox. I have sometimes wondered what, if any, advantage to a fox the white tag is, and have thought it may be accounted for in the following way: When the fox is stalking his prey he moves the end of his brush gently backwards and forwards exactly as a cat does when watching birds. As the fox creeps through the undergrowth the moving white tip catches the eye of the quarry, and in looking at this the latter overlooks, as it were, the fox itself. It is possible then that in this way the white tag may be an advantage to the fox in the battle of life and a help in stalking its prey. The fox's menu, by the way, is most varied, scarcely anything coming amiss, rats, field-mice, small birds, rabbits and, less often, hares being all welcome.—T. F. D.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to Mr. Oliver Pike's query in the letter on "Badger and Fox" in your last issue, the hill fox, whether found in the fastnesses of the Lake Country, the Highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Ireland and Wales, is of identically the same species as the foxes found in other and less wild parts of Britain. He is, of course, naturally influenced by his environments and the kind of life he leads, and is, in consequence, usually a harrier and much more active beast than his kinsfolk of the shires and other English hunting districts. It is not altogether unusual to find the white tip, or tag, at the end of the brush of a young fox. The mark is not a sign of age, and may at times be seen indifferently on young foxes of either sex by the time they have attained the age of six months. It is, of course, not worn by all. Some people seem to have the idea that the white tag is only assumed by dog foxes. This is a mistake; foxes of either sex occasionally carry the "white ensign."—H. A. BRYDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent's enquiry as to white tag on young fox—No, it is quite common to see a white tag on the end of young dog fox. Young vixen has very small white hairs. In very young no white.—J. G. M.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the letter from Mr. O. G. Pike on badgers and foxes in your last week's issue, I may mention that in his recently-published "Fauna of North Wales," Mr. H. E. Forrest states that Welsh mountain foxes are generally greyer than their relatives of the English lowlands. Mr. Forrest also states that Welsh foxes are not only very fleet of foot, but are likewise possessed of wonderful staying powers, so that they often escape after a pursuit of five or six hours, and this after covering some thirty miles of rough, rugged mountain country. In this respect, therefore, the opinion of your correspondent is confirmed. The idea that the Welsh fox is relatively small is, however, not supported by the author cited, who states that their weight is supposed to range between 10lb. and 20lb., and that three individuals actually weighed respectively scaled 17lb., 18lb. and 19lb. As to the hill fox of Cumberland and Westmorland, commonly known as the "greyhound-fox," this is a taller and more leggy animal than the ordinary lowland breed. Whether either the Welsh or the Lakeland mountain fox is entitled to rank as a distinct local race of *Canis vulpes* is a subject requiring further consideration, and likewise a much larger collection of skins and skeletons from both lowlands and hill country than is at present contained in the Natural History Branch of the British Museum. Before leaving the subject of Welsh foxes, I may mention that, according to Mr. Forrest, foxes appear never to have been indigenous to Anglesea. A few pairs have from time to time been introduced from the mainland, but were always killed off by the inhabitants. With regard to the query whether young foxes have white tips to their tails, if your correspondent will pay a visit to the British saloon in the Natural History Museum he will see a beautifully mounted group of a vixen and cubs in which all the latter have white tail tips. The cubs in that group have already assumed the tawny coat, but in the same saloon may also be seen a pair of much younger cubs in the early slate-coloured dress, and even in these the white tip to the tail is conspicuous. The

white, or greyish white, tail tip is indeed one of the most characteristic features of the common fox, occurring in all its local races, such as the Egyptian, the Himalayan and the American; while it is likewise conspicuous in the silver and grey phases of the latter, of which the genuine fur now commands such a high price. The Indian desert fox (*C. leucopus*) and the small Tibetan fox (*C. ferritatus*) agree with the common species in having a white tip to the tail; but in the common Indian fox (*C. bengalensis*) and hoary fox (*C. canus*) of the same country, as well as in the North American grey fox (*C. cinereo-argenteus*), the tail tip is dark grey or black at all ages.—R. L.

#### WILD FALLOW DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue the writer of the account of the stag-hunt on Exmoor speaks of "the wild fallow deer common enough at Elworthy." May I ask for an explanation? It would be interesting. We know that when the deer were taken up in the New Forest some, both red and fallow, escaped, and that the New Forest Buckhounds now hunt the fallow deer there; and it is believed by some that the fallow deer now in Epping Forest are the descendants of the deer once wild there. Moreover, White, in his history of Selborne, speaks of them as running in his time in Woolmer Forest and also in some "chase" not far from Selborne. But I never before heard of any fallow deer being wild in Devon or Somerset, though from your paper last year, which spoke of the Axe Vale Harriers, it is clear that wild roe still are found in Devon and Dorset. As regards the Hampshire wild fallow deer mentioned by White, it is possible that they remain, though seldom seen, in the large pine woods of this district. I understand that for many years a herd have been in Lord Calthorpe's woods, from whence they roam to Bramshill and the woods round Eversley. No one seems to know their origin, but they are said to lead quite a wild life and are never looked after as park-fed deer are, nor are they ever shot.—C. J. CORNISH.

#### WORMS IN OLD WOODWORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers advise me as to the best way to deal with worm-eaten wood? A very precious family treasure—the drum taken round the world by Sir Francis Drake—is attacked by them, and the whole of the outer hoop that it stands on is very badly affected. I have had this washed several times with paraffin painted on with a brush to enable it to permeate the hoop. Will this kill the worms? It has not in any way changed the appearance of the wood, except to make it look cleaner. I hesitate to use kerosene, as recommended by some persons, as that, I fear, would take off the paint, which the paraffin does not. Would it be better to leave the drum open to the air or put it in an air-tight case? I should be very grateful for expert advice.—ELIZABETH F. ELLIOTT-DRAKE.

[Paraffin and corrosive sublimate are the two things to kill worm in wood. The latter the better, where the smell is no objection. Perhaps our correspondent will inform us as to whether the worms are killed by the process she has tried? If she puts the drum away on a clean, flat sheet of paper and examines it and the paper occasionally, she will soon see by the wood dust which will drop whether the worms are still at work. On August 24th, 1907, a recipe for the treatment of worm-eaten woodwork was given in our "Correspondence" columns, and led to several interesting letters in the two succeeding issues.—ED.]

#### ENGLISH OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An extraordinary decision has just been arrived at by the committee of a very well-known club in the West End. I may say that this club is known for its absolute devotion to the policy of Tariff Reform. One of its largest rooms was to be re-decorated, and the scheme adopted was scarlet with oak panelling. The committee were advised that it would be impossible to procure the oak required in this country. The use of English oak for such purposes, they were informed, has been entirely abandoned, owing to the fact that it regularly splits and warps. All oak of the kind is now obtained from Austria. Being desirous of using "Empire" wood, if any, the committee found that they would be restricted to English walnut, Canadian maple or West African teak. The original scheme has in consequence been abandoned. I should be much obliged if some of your readers could inform me how it is that English oak has lost the qualities that caused it to be universally employed in our ancient churches and buildings, and since when has its unsuitability for such purposes been recognised?—HEART OF OAK.

[It is undoubtedly true that the ordinary run of English oak warps and splits more than that known as Dantzic or that from Austria. This was probably always the case. But the craftsmen of old seasoned their wood well, and no one objected to some warps and splits. Still, it has to be

remembered that much of the post-Restoration panelling, with its vast plain surfaces, was of oak, and not of white wood, and it has never moved. We trust that some of our readers who have studied the ways of English oak will furnish us with their experiences.—ED.]



#### A HECATOMB OF STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think some of your readers may be interested in a subject much talked of here just now, where for some days together, on the North-Eastern Railway, starlings were killed in many hundreds within a space of about 200ft. Last evening a platelayer's young son

brought me the enclosed photographs, giving a slight idea of what happened. "Father," he said, "has worked on that bit of line near Riding Mill Station for over twenty years and never seen such a thing before. Oftimes a chance bird will be killed, but never in lots like this. . . . They were all starlings; they were not all killed one evening, but several. Each morning we found more and more, and we had to bury them. In this heap, which I took a photograph of, I counted up to 200 or more. Of course, they don't all show in the picture. They were nearly all young birds; you could tell by their stubby breasts and necks. We can't quite tell how it was done, just only in those few days." It is true, no one can exactly pronounce a verdict. Death, however, was certainly caused by the telegraph wires; and those versed in the ways of wild birds, after studying the locality and the death-roll, state that what presumably happened was as follows: On the other side of the wood was a big turnip-field which had suddenly become infested with a special grub peculiarly toothsome to the starling palate, which brought them in thousands. They feasted during the day, and at evening went home to roost in crowded flights. The field sloped sharply up hill to the wood, so those flocks of birds whose bourne was the farther side of it flew upwards to clear the trees; then, as is usual, once over the obstacle, the tired pinions swooped lower. Here was the dip of the railway cutting. Presumably the older birds led the flight, and may have seen and avoided the telegraph wires, only faintly showing in the dim light against the opposite trees. The close crowd behind saw nothing, and blundered into the fatal wires; all who got on to them probably fell. This tragedy was repeated nightly for the few days the grub lasted in the field; once exterminated the starling survivors must have sought a fresh and safer "Diet of Worms." A gruesome addition to the tragedy was the fact that each early morning the rooks arrived at the fatal spot, and revelled in the heaps of slain, feeding on the hardly cold bodies. One onlooker (the station master) told me: "I was there very early one morning, the dead starlings were lying all about; one was still alive, the rooks had torn them about so that they were hardly recognisable. There were many hundreds killed and buried. I never saw such a sight before."—MARTIA.

#### ECZEMA IN DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have been so interested in the correspondence about eczema, etc., in dogs, that I write to ask for advice about a Yorkshire terrier, aged ten, who is much troubled with warts, some of them quite large and fleshy; he scratches them a good deal. How can I treat them? Also he sometimes gets eczema on the hairless parts underneath, like a few white blisters, and the last few years he is subject to thick scurf; it has not spoiled his coat, which is as good as ever; but the flakes of dead skin seem to make him smell unpleasantly. He is not a toy, and is a strong muscular little dog, but now growing rather fat and heavy. He gets one meal of Melox, another of vegetables, or bread and gravy. He drinks a good deal of skim milk and gets little meat, or sweet things. He is washed with Jeyes's soap, but it does not affect the scurf at all. —RECTORY.



#### MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am obliged by the letter on the above subject of Mr. John G. Talbot and indication of the proper quarter for obtaining redress of the hardship inflicted. In this particular instance private charity supplied the necessary glasses and also the railway fare of the child to the optician's, so all is well in that particular regard; but it is in the many similar cases which probably do not come to the notice of anyone able or willing to assist that the real hardships are incurred. It was by pure accident that this one so came. What happened—for obvious reasons I do not wish to give names of persons or places—was that this woman, a widow, getting 6s. a week from the parish, received a notice from the medical inspector saying that these glasses must be procured for the child. Her cottage is not near any village or large house. She went to a neighbouring farmer for advice, who told her she would be fined or otherwise punished if she did not comply with the order. I have not a copy of the Act, so do not know for certain whether she was liable to punishment; but it is the general belief of the poor in the locality of which I write that there is a heavy penalty for non-compliance, and certainly the law would rather appear to justify its description by Mr. Bumble if it passed a regulation of the kind without specifying some penalty for disobedience. It would be an excellent thing if, in a case of this kind, the medical inspector's duty should include that of signifying to a person whom he served with such a notice the more important of the conditions under which it was issued. The other letter, signed "A. H. H.," on the subject in the same number of COUNTRY LIFE, perhaps need not be taken as a very serious contribution to the discussion.—H.

#### AN OLD IRISH PEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This picture is an attempt to portray pictorially one of the very numerous class to which the old-age pension comes quite as a godsend. The years of poverty and suffering have almost gone, and the kind, gentle face in the picture reveals very little of the intense anguish of the past. This old woman watched patiently by the bedside of her bed-ridden husband, she has gazed with silent sorrow as one by one her children whom she had reared to full age passed away into the vast Unknown. And still to-day it would hardly be possible to find a more kindly soul, even although she lives in poverty with only one grandchild left to cheer her shortening years. This picture is characteristic of the poor Irish peasantry in the South and West of Ireland.—GEORGE J. HUGHES



#### CURIOUS OLD CHURCH AT HAZELEIGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a print of a curious old church at Hazeleigh, near Maldon, Essex. It is built of lath and plaster, being very small, and considered a rare type for a place of worship.—J. CAMPBELL.

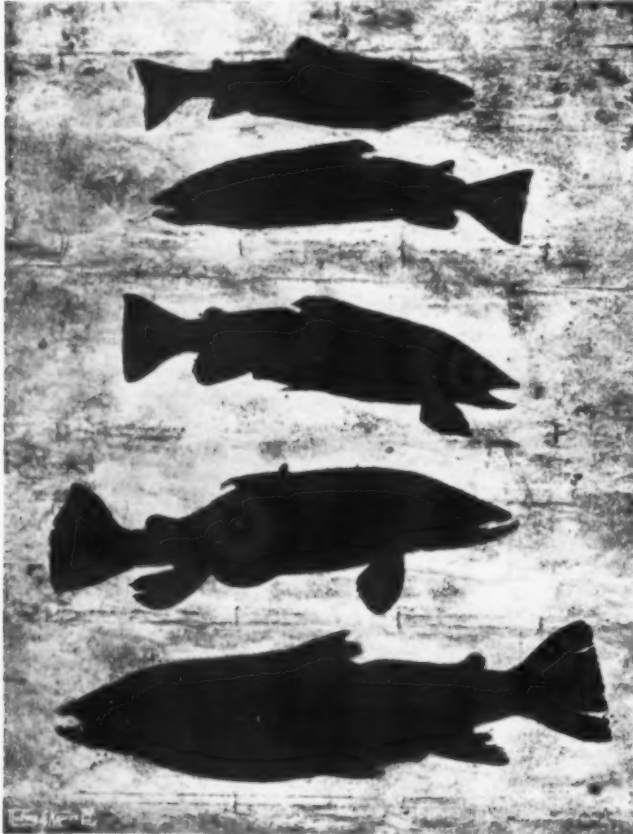
#### SILHOUETTING FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know a "dodge" of making silhouettes of fish. Possibly it is my own invention, but I have not tried to register it as a patent. You lay out a sheet of paper, gold, silver or common brown, and damp it with a sponge and water on the top side; then you turn it over on the table or floor and damp the other side; then you lay out your fish in beauty side by side, or head and tail, on the paper, having immediately previously run over the paper with a sponge and white of egg or gum or glue, or anything sticky you fancy. Next, get your cook's flour-dredger and shake flour over the trout. Work in a place where there are no



draughts, so that the flour will fall perpendicularly and not edge in under the trout and make the silhouette too small. Lift the trout tenderly by the gills and tail and you have an exquisite piece of drawing that a Whistler or Jip would envy. If you have a friend whom you would like to have a copy of the design, gingerly lay another sheet of paper, likewise made sticky, on top of the design and press gently with a roller or the palms of the hands; the second piece of paper lifts off superfluous flour and your friend has a duplicate copy almost as good as your own. I send you for inspection an original of some trout of what may be a "record basket": eight brown trout, one rod, in five hours' fishing, equal to 30½ lb., heaviest 10½ lb., 28½ in. long and 16 in. girth; to go into detail, all on fly and fine gut. The weights were as follows in the order of capture: 10½ lb., 4½ lb., 3½ lb., 2½ lb., 3 lb., 2½ lb., 2 lb., 1½ lb. Do you have anything like that in England? This was in a Berwickshire loch of only thirty-two acres area. You can fancy the baskets in the larger lochs of



Berwickshire. I had a photograph taken of the first three trout. I am making a cast of them in plaster of paris, quite a simple process after one or two lessons if you have good plaster. A 9½ lb. trout I ruined a few years ago for the table by using bad plaster which would not "set" quickly. The patent "Veedee" machines for vibratory massage are useful when combined with the flour-dredger; the one held in the other in the left hand, and the wheels turned round with the right, distributes a beautifully steady shower of flour.—W. G. BURN MURDOCH.

#### THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

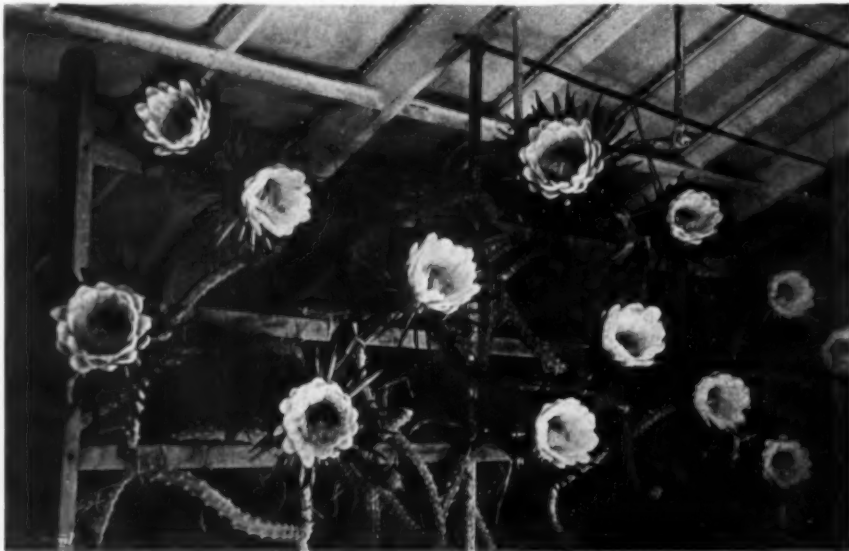
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which may be of interest to you for insertion in your paper. I took it at 10 p.m. by flashlight, in the stove-house where the plant was growing. It is an uncommon plant, which is very little known in England, and it is very exceptional to get thirteen blooms out at once on the same plant. Its name is Night-blowing Cereus. It opens at 10 p.m. and is dead in the morning. —AGNES DE TRAFFORD.

#### A BORN JUMPER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Last summer a filly foal by Ventriquoist, from a half-bred mare which has been well known for years with the Dartmoor Hounds, cleared four times a 4ft. 3in. fence made of "Economic fencing," i.e., upright poles and wire. Excited by a pony which was being practised over hurdles in the field below, the foal, then about two months old, left her mother, cleared the fence uphill into my garden, jumped the hand-gate out of the garden, next jumped the same type of fencing



into the kitchen garden, and finally jumped back into the meadow where her dam was. She cleared each jump, as a wire is run along the top of the fence which would inevitably have brought her down had she made the slightest mistake. The foal's exploit was witnessed by my gardener and by my groom, and I subsequently saw the marks where she had taken off and landed.—R.

#### FATAL ACCIDENT TO CHIFFCHAFF.

TO THE EDITOR. SIR,—Death by entanglement is by no means unusual among

the feathered tribe; but the remarkable circumstance in this case was the inability of even so fragile a bird as the chiffchaff, measuring only 2½ in. in circumference, to free itself from a wire mesh of 5½ in.—J. TURNER-TURNER.



#### DISTEMPER IN HOUNDS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Mr. Croxton Smith's letter on distemper raises a very interesting question, and with his views I am entirely in accord. As to a cure for distemper, I do not believe there is any specific, though, possibly, sometimes one and sometimes another medicine may do good in particular cases. Possibly some kind of inoculation may be successful hereafter. At present, early observation and careful nursing of the disease in its first stages affords the best chance of saving valuable young dogs. I also desire to add that, from my own experience and that of two friends, Masters of Hounds who hunt their own packs, as well as from the testimony of William Medcalf, kennel huntsman to the Cattistock, one of the most successful men I know in bringing young hounds through the perilous period after they come in from walk, the raw meat treatment as recommended by Mr. Croxton Smith is of the greatest value. There has indeed, during the season, been a terrible loss from distemper, but I have elsewhere drawn attention to the fine entry in the Cattistock kennels. This pack has had comparatively small loss from distemper this spring. When on the flags the other day I noted the bright, healthy, "advanced" look of this year's entry. Medcalf told me he put this down in part to early handling of the young hounds when they came in from walk. They were cared for and exercised as soon as they arrived in kennel, even before the end of the hunting season. This means hard work, but it probably helps the puppy to get over the critical time when he changes suddenly all his habits of life, and this, of course, is just when he often gets least attention. Clean and dry lodging and plenty of work, exercise and a variety of food, some of which should be raw meat chopped fine, given by itself two or three times a week, would help the dog to tide over this difficult time, and may render the attacks of distemper less virulent. I observe that I have said dogs, but, of course, these remarks apply equally to bitches, except that, so I have found, dog hounds suffer far more severely from distemper than bitches. The disease is often more severe and the consequences last longer in the case of dog hounds. If a hound enters, three short days once a week up to Christmas is as much work as he will stand if he has had distemper badly. Many a good hound is spoiled by overwork in the cub-hunting season.—X.

#### THE VAMPING-TRUMPET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the issue of your paper for July 31st your correspondent who signs "Stephen Wilson" refers to the vamping-trumpet at the parish church of Charing. But he is incorrect in stating that it measures only 2ft. The length is 3ft. 5in., and the diameter of the bell 1ft. 3½ in.—J. CARTER RENDELL, Vicar of Charing.